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—PRESENTED BY—

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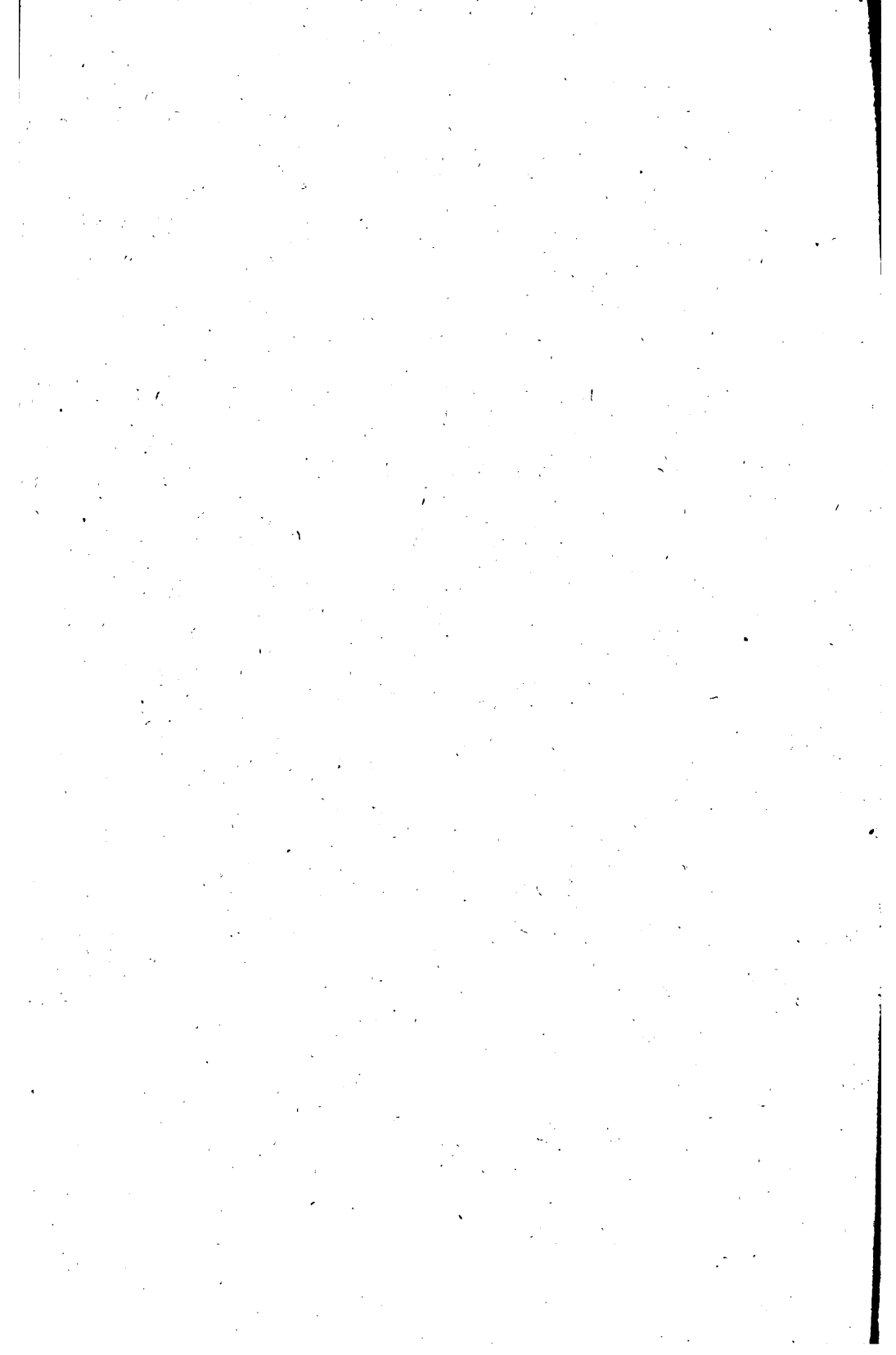
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From Aaron Lloyd

In Memoriam

SEP 6 1903

Henry Demarest Lloyd

May first, 1847—

September twenty-eighth, 1903

The Auditorium, Chicago, November 29th, 1903



PROGRAMME

OF

MEMORIAL EXERCISES

FOR

Henry Demarest Lloyd

ORGAN PRELUDE—GRANDE COEUR IN D... *Alex Guilmant*
 Otto A. Singenberger

OPENING ADDRESS -- Judge Edward F. Dunne, Chairman

BRIEF ADDRESS Samuel M. Jones

BRIEF ADDRESS..... John Mitchell

SONG—STILL RUHT DEIN HERZ *Tfeil*
 Vereinigte Saenger, Chicago, Dirigent
 Professor O. Homer Gerasch

BRIEF ADDRESS Jane Addams

POEM..... Lothrop Withington

BRIEF ADDRESS Edwin D. Mead

SONG—STUMM SCHLAEFT DER SAENGER..... *Zeilcher*
 Vereinigte Saenger

BRIEF ADDRESS..... Clarence S. Darrow

CLOSING ADDRESS Tom L. Johnson

RECESSIONAL—FUNERAL MARCH..... *Beethoven*
 Arthur Dunham

134060

Recd. 4-29-30 T.E.N.

AS a tribute to the life and public services of
HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD, some of his personal
friends and representatives from the following organi-
zations, arranged this Memorial Meeting.

UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA
AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR
UNITED TURNER SOCIETIES
CHICAGO FEDERATION OF LABOR
VILLAGE COUNCIL OF WINNETKA
CARPENTERS DISTRICT COUNCIL
TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, No. 16
MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP DELEGATE CONVENTION
HENRY GEORGE ASSOCIATION
HULL HOUSE
CHICAGO COMMONS

OPENING ADDRESS BY THE CHAIRMAN,
JUDGE DUNNE.

Ladies and Gentlemen—

It seems but a few short months ago since I and many of you were present in this hall to commemorate the life and public services of a great man—a man who had occupied the most prominent place within the gift of the people of this state, and the man who, as proof of his honesty and integrity, went into office rich and came out poor—a man who had devoted most of his life to the betterment of the condition of the common kind of people in this community, and who died, literally speaking, died in his tracks, pleading for liberty and humanity.

Tonight we are again engaged in the same mournful, though laudable, duty of commemorating the life and services of a great man, who devoted most of that life to the betterment of the condition of the common people of this community, and who, like that other great man, literally died in his tracks, working for the benefit of the common people of this community.

Henry D. Lloyd was a man of wonderful intellectual power, and he had a heart as big as his head. He went around this whole world, seeking information with reference to what was good for the people of this community; and, upon his return, found the miners of the East in a terrible struggle with the greatest aggregation of capital that has probably ever been gathered together in this country, engaged in a life and death struggle for a living wage; and, like the man that he was, he entered at once into that struggle, and with the assistance of two gentlemen who sit upon this stage tonight he accomplished for the miners of the East a victory that will be notable in American history.

Upon his return to the city of his adoption he discovered that a scheme was being hatched, and under way, to filch

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from the people of this community franchises that are worth at least two hundred millions of dollars; and when I speak of two hundred million dollars I speak advisedly and conservatively.

The corporations of this city, the traction corporations, put through twenty-year franchises in 1883, empowering them to operate street cars in the streets of the city for twenty years. In 1883, as shown by the federal census, there were less than half a million people in this community. In 1883 there were probably not 700,000 people in this community, and yet they capitalized those grants that were given them by the city at that time at \$117,000,000, and that amount was paid by investors for the stocks and bonds of these companies. At the same time, the tangible property of these corporations, as shown by the Arnold report, was less than twenty-seven million dollars; in other words, the value of the franchise given to them at that time for twenty years, over and above all the tangible property they owned, was \$90,000,000. If such a franchise, empowering them to carry people in this community for a 5-cent fare, was worth that much in a city of 700,000 people, what is it worth today in a city of over 2,000,000? At least three times that amount, which is \$270,000,000.

Discovering that that scheme was on foot Mr. Lloyd entered into the fight with all his intellectual vigor, and mapped out and laid down a scheme to prevent the consummation of this plan, which may be wisely followed by the people of this community. Like Governor Altgeld, his last public appearance was upon a rostrum where he was pleading for the rights of the people of this community. He caught cold at that time. Within a few days afterwards he was dead. We meet tonight to commemorate the life and services of that great man, and, I hope, to profit by his teachings and example.

I take pleasure in introducing to you a man without a party, but who, in spite of the fact that he is without a party, has been elected several times mayor of the city of

Toledo, Ohio; a man who believes in carrying into politics as well as into business and social life the Golden Rule—Hon. Samuel M. Jones, mayor of Toledo.

ADDRESS OF SAMUEL M. JONES.

My friends, I have been invited to talk to you not over fifteen minutes. I came here to testify to the principles for which Henry D. Lloyd lived, loved and died, and for which he still lives; for to me he is not dead. This meeting is evidence that as the days go by he will be more alive in spirit than ever before, and I cannot say and I will not say that he is dead.

"He is just away;
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He stepped aside to the Better Land,
And left us wondering how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there."

Lloyd is not dead. I knew him and I loved him. To know him was to love him, and he knew what it was to be loved by strangers.

About ten years ago he came to Toledo to lecture for us in behalf of this same cause—this American cause, this Christian cause, this democratic cause of brotherhood. He came there to speak, and he said to me a simple sentence that fixed itself upon my memory; and I turned it over and turned it over. And Henry D. Lloyd's suggestion at that time had as much to do with my emancipation from the slavery of partyism and with my new birth into patriotism for the love of the whole as anyone.

I am here to speak of the work that Henry D. Lloyd did, and for what he did for me I can rise up and call him blessed, because he aided in the opening of a newer, a larger and a sweeter world. Perhaps you can be partisan and patriotic at the same time. I cannot. I cannot serve two masters. I must love the whole. We have had that reasoned out to us, and this sentence that Henry D. Lloyd spoke was this—we were speaking of the Golden Rule, and

he said: "The Golden Rule is the original of every political constitution ever written or spoken." And I turned it over in my mind and turned it over, and I saw that to me the Golden Rule is simply the law of action and reaction, and it means, "As you do unto others, others will do unto you." What I give, I get. If I love, I will be loved. I have grown up in the belief of the Christian church. I have unearthed the mysterious heresy that the Nazarene did not intend that his followers should have His teachings applied to daily life, but that they were to be reserved for some impossible millennium or some existence in some future world. And when I read in "Wealth Against Commonwealth," in the last chapters, those inspiring idealisms of this noble man and read these words, quoting Jesus, who said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," Lloyd says: "To love our neighbor is to submit to the discipline and arrangement which make his life reach its best, and so do we best love ourselves."

It is the force today moving the greatest institutions that man has established, and only one loving his neighbor as himself can go forward and establish the republic, which, with all its failings, is the most holy example that we have today of human brotherhood.

"Patriotism" and "religion" with Lloyd were synonymous terms. Now, that is a surprising thing, isn't it? Patriotism and religion! Lloyd knew no lines of separation by rivers and lakes and boundaries of that sort. He knew that the continent was to be indissoluble. He knew the mission of democracy and the mission of Christianity to be identical; and so he, in his life, was an echo of that splendid appeal of that great American when he cried out: "I will make the continent indissoluble; I will make the finest race the sun ever shone upon, by the love of comrades, by the manly love of comrades; I will make the cities inseparable, with their arms about each other's necks; I will grant companionship among all the rivers of America and on the shores of the Great Lakes and all over the prairies. I will make the cities inseparable, with their arms

about each other's necks, with the love of comrades, with the manly love of comrades." Ah! my friends, this is the message that Henry D. Lloyd sends to this meeting today. I think that his voice has another voice, and that if our ears were trained so that we might understand the language that he speaks we would hear him repeat these words and emphasize them, and what he did all the way through his life—that the only hope and all the hope of the rule of democracy in America must be based upon the one fundamental thing around which is life and around which it swings, and that one thing is love—and love alone.

If I have ever said anything in behalf of the high and holy ideal to which America is committed, I deserve no credit; but with Lloyd the circumstances were different. With Lloyd, equality meant equality; meant not only equality at the polls, but extended to every relation in life—and America will never be America until that time comes. We are equal at the polls today. Oh, yes! and in our schools and colleges the young men and boys are taught that in this country everyone has got a chance to be President. A remarkable chance, isn't it? Lloyd said that we haven't begun to dream of what "democracy" and "patriotism" mean. Lloyd said: "In our dreams we have dreamed of democracy and in our dreams we have achieved liberty, but only in our dreams—not otherwise."

I say I deserve no credit for speaking for humanity—this humanity that some man has said is free—a man that loves, and loves everybody. I deserve no credit for speaking for the lower classes, if there are any lower classes. I don't know but I belong to the lower classes myself. I was born in that crowd. I am the son of Welsh common laborer peasants, and although I was born in Wales I was born an American, thank God! There are some millions of people born in the soil of these states that are not yet half way over from Europe. We must overcome our servile worship of title and position and possession.

Isn't it fine that Lloyd was just democratic? Isn't it fine that he was no titled person? What business have we

with titles here? Isn't it fine that he was just Henry D. Lloyd? Could we enthuse over him, could we love him, you know, if he was Lord So-and-So, or if he was General Lloyd, you know? But these people are not to blame. We make them. We would all like to be generals if we could. That's the trouble. The only way, a man told me, that he could get any distinction in his town, in a remote part of the country, was in signing after his name the word "private." Every man in the town was either a colonel or a general or something of that sort. And the honorable! My friend Dunne introduced me as "the honorable." What have I ever done for America? Have I done as much as was done by my common laborer father and mother, when, with six little ones, myself among them, they got into the steerage of an emigrant ship to sail to the shores of a new world, to make a home for themselves and their children, with barely enough money to land them? The nearest I ever came to it was when I pawned my watch for \$5; and I did that rather than go and tell the banker that I was a distinguished person. And I say it is fine that Lloyd was just Lloyd. I love it—just Henry D. Lloyd. Not even Senator Lloyd nor Governor Lloyd; but thank God he was Lloyd the man, and we know there is no title higher than that.

I said I was born of common laborer peasants. Lloyd was born on the other side of the barricade. He might easily have drifted into the ranks of the dilettantes and the doctrinaires. He might easily have done that. There were plenty of places for him as professor or senator and the Lord only knows what, but there are few places for men as yet. America has many places for titles, but she hasn't yet come to make a place for man.

I said I was born on this side of the barricade; but Lloyd came over from the other, took his place with the poor and lowly and despised, in order that he might be true to the highest and holiest impulses of his soul, and which he followed to the end; and his last words, as they were committed to me, ought to be an inspiration to each and

all of us: "It was the last two speeches that did it, but I would do it again."

And when we are all devoted to the religion of democracy and equality and become self-owning men, why need you worry about municipal ownership or anything else? If we are true to the American ideal and true to Lloyd's ideal, we will accomplish all that America is destined to be.

(Judge Dunne introduced Mr. John Mitchell.)

Our next speaker is a man whose name has been long on the tongue of the public—our noblest labor leader, John Mitchell.

ADDRESS OF JOHN MITCHELL.

Ladies and Gentlemen—

I had the proud privilege of enjoying the intimate acquaintance of Henry D. Lloyd. It is difficult to believe that he is dead. It is difficult for me to bring myself to a realizing sense that my friend and counselor has gone from us forever. I knew Henry D. Lloyd, and knew him well.

The coal miners of the United States, for whom I speak particularly today, have reason to remember with gratitude the services rendered to them by Henry D. Lloyd. Fourteen years ago the coal miners of Illinois were compelled to engage in a contest with their employers for the purpose of obtaining wages sufficient to enable them to live as American workmen should live. They had fought a long, arduous battle. The people of the country, not knowing of their struggles, the press either apathetic or thoughtless, until Henry D. Lloyd came among us. I remember so well how he came to our mining towns; investigated the condition of our people; how he inquired into the justice of our claims; and, having satisfied himself that we were right, he threw himself on our side of the battle, and by his

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pen and by his voice aroused the people. A short time thereafter, largely due to his effort, the people threw their influence on the side of the miners and their strike was settled with credit to the men.

Some years passed by, and the miners of the anthracite fields, after years and years of practical slavery, made an effort to secure for themselves at least reasonable wages and fair conditions of employment. They had fought for five long months; had stood without the loss of a man; hunger stared them in the face, when Henry D. Lloyd came again. I personally shall never forget how he came to my headquarters at Wilkesbarre. Having taken an important part in that strike, being worn out in both body and mind, he used to come and ask me to go walking with him along the banks of the Susquehanna river. He thought I didn't know what he wanted me to go for. He would throw his arm about my shoulder, and as we walked along would tell me of his travels in Europe; of his visits to different parts of the world; of his investigations there; of the conditions. His purpose was to divert my mind from the troubles of the miners. He knew I was tired, knew I was worn out. Of course, I knew why he did it, but I didn't tell him.

When the strike was finally settled and when we called upon our friends to assist us in presenting our case to that tribunal of eminent men appointed by the President of the United States, Mr. Lloyd found no problem too difficult to solve. There was no task too difficult for him to attempt; no work too lowly for him to do. If it was to take up some of the problems affecting the wages of the miners, or affecting the question of its presentation to the commission, Henry D. Lloyd was ready for the task.

The anthracite miners loved Henry D. Lloyd, and, as an evidence of their regard for him, a committee from the anthracite coal miners is here today. The coal miners join in tribute to him and have sent delegates to this meeting.

I think it can be said without fear of contradiction that the address delivered by Henry D. Lloyd at the close of

the investigation of the anthracite coal strike commission contributed in no small measure to the success of our efforts and to the favorable award made us.

When the battle was over; when the men were at work; when the award was made, and our organization sought to reward even in a small way the attorneys and counselors who had helped us, and when we came to Henry D. Lloyd and asked him to accept from us at least a small reward, he said: "No; not one penny." When we said to him, "Permit us to at least pay the expenses incurred," he replied: "No; not one cent."

He gave his time, he gave his money, he gave his splendid effort to the anthracite miners, as he has through all his life given his time and effort to every cause that he believed to be right.

I cannot speak in a meeting of men gathered for the purpose of doing something for humanity without feeling that Henry D. Lloyd ought to be there. It seems strange to have him missing when men gather to speak of things for the betterment of life.

Henry D. Lloyd's personal character, his beautiful life, should be inspirations to every man and to every woman who love their fellow men. He is dead, but his work will go on. The example set by him will be emulated by others. Henry D. Lloyd did not belong to Chicago; he belonged to America and to the world. His memory will ever remain green in the minds of his countrymen. As for my people, they will never forget. They will ever hold in grateful remembrance the late Henry D. Lloyd.

Judge Dunne announced that the next number on the programme would be a song by the German Singing Societies, entitled "Still Ruht Dein Herz."

Introducing Miss Jane Addams, Judge Dunne said The next address will be delivered, not by a man, but by a woman, who, although she has founded no libraries nor established universities, has done more real philanthropic

work in this city than any man, men or set of men in this community. I take pleasure in introducing Miss Jane Addams.

ADDRESS OF MISS JANE ADDAMS.

In the few minutes at our disposal I should like to speak of the passion for a better social order, the hunger and thirst after social righteousness which Mr. Lloyd's life embodied beyond that, perhaps, of any of his fellow-citizens.

Progress is not automatic; the world grows better because people wish that it should and take the right steps to make it better. Progress depends upon modification and change; if things are ever to move forward, some man must be willing to take the first steps and assume the risks. Such a man must have courage, but courage is by no means enough. That man may easily do a vast amount of harm who advocates social changes from mere blind enthusiasm for human betterment, who arouses men only to a smarting sense of wrong, or who promotes reforms which are irrational and without relation to his time. To be of value in the delicate process of social adjustment and reconstruction, a man must have a knowledge of life as it is, of the good as well as of the wrong; he must be a patient collector of facts, and furthermore he must possess a zeal for men which will inspire confidence and arouse to action.

I need not tell this audience that the man whose premature death we are here to mourn possessed these qualities in an unusual degree.

His search for the accomplished good was untiring. It took him again and again on journeys to England, to Australasia, to Switzerland, wherever, indeed, he detected the beginning of an attempt to "equalize welfare," as he called it, wherever he caught tidings of a successful democracy. He brought back cheering reports of the "Labor Co-part-

nership" in England, through which the working men own together farms, mills, factories and dairies, and run them for mutual profit; of the people's banks in Central Europe, which are at last bringing economic redemption to the hard-pressed peasants; of the old-age pensions in New Zealand; of the "Country Without Strikes" because compulsory arbitration is fairly enforced; of the national railroads in New Zealand, which carry the school children free and scatter the unemployed on the new lands.

His new book on "The Swiss Sovereign" is not yet completed, but we all recall his glowing accounts of Switzerland, "where they have been democrats for six hundred years and are the best democrats," where they can point to the educational results of the referendum, which makes the entire country a forum for the discussion of each new measure, so that the people not only agitate and elect, but also legislate; where the government pensions fatherless school children that they may not be crushed by premature labor. The accounts of these and many more successful social experiments are to be found in his later books. As other men collect coins or pictures, so Mr. Lloyd collected specimens of successful co-operation—of brotherhood put into practice.

He came at last to an unshaken belief that this round old world of ours is literally dotted over with groups of men and women who are steadily bringing in a more rational social order. To quote his own words:

"We need but to do everywhere what someone is doing somewhere." "We do but all need to do what a few are doing." "We must learn to walk together in new ways." His friends admit that in these books there is an element of special pleading, but it is the special pleading of the idealist who insists that the people who dream are the only ones who accomplish, and who in proof thereof unrolls the charters of national and international associations of working men, the open accounts of municipal tramways, the records of co-operative societies, the cash balances in people's banks.

Mr. Lloyd possessed a large measure of human charm. He had many gifts of mind and bearing, but perhaps his chief accomplishment was his mastery of the difficult art of comradeship. Many times social charm serves merely to cover up the trivial, but Mr. Lloyd ever made his an instrument to create a new fascination for serious things. We can all recall his deep concern over the changed attitude which we, as a nation, are allowing ourselves to take toward the colored man; his foresight as to the grave consequences in permitting the rights of the humblest to be invaded; his warning that if in the press of our affairs we do not win new liberties that we cannot keep our old liberties.

He was an accomplished Italian scholar, possessing a large Italian library; he had not only a keen pleasure in Dante, but a vivid interest in the struggles of New Italy; he firmly believed that the United States has a chance to work out Mazzini's hopes for Italian working men, as they sturdily build our railroads and cross the American plains with the same energy with which they have previously built the Roman roads and pierced the Alps. He saw those fine realities in humble men which easily remain hidden to dull eyes.

I recall a conversation with Mr. Lloyd, held last September, during a Chicago strike, which had been marred by acts of violence and broken contracts. We spoke of the hard places into which the friends of labor unions are often brought when they sympathize with the ultimate objects of a strike, but must disapprove of nearly every step of the way taken to attain that object. Mr. Lloyd referred with regret to the disfavor with which most labor men look upon compulsory arbitration. He himself believed that as the state alone has the right to use force and has the duty of suppression toward any individual or combination of individuals who undertake to use it for themselves, so the state has the right to insist that the situation shall be submitted to an accredited court, that the state itself may only resort to force after the established machinery of govern-

ment has failed. He spoke of the dangers inherent in vast combinations of labor as well as in the huge combinations of capital; that the salvation of both lay in absolute publicity. As he had years before made public the hidden methods of a pioneer "trust" because he early realized the dangers which have since become obvious to many people, so he foresaw dangers to labor organizations if they substitute methods of shrewdness and of secret agreement for the open moral appeal. Labor unions are powerless unless backed by public opinion, he said; they can only win public confidence by taking the public into their counsels and by doing nothing of which the public may not know.

It is so easy to be dazzled by the combined power of capital, to be bullied by the voting strength of labor. We forget that capital cannot enter the moral realm, and may always be successfully routed by moral energy; that the labor vote will never be "solid" save as it rallies to those political measures which promise larger opportunities for the mass of the people; that the moral appeal is the only universal appeal.

Many people in this room can recall Mr. Lloyd's description of the anthracite coal strike, his look of mingled solicitude and indignation as he displayed the photograph of the little bunker boy who held in his pigmy hand his account sheet, showing that at the end of his week's work he owed his landlord-employer more than he did at the beginning. Mr. Lloyd insisted that the simple human element was the marvel of the Pennsylvania situation, sheer pity continually breaking through and speaking over the heads of the business interests. We recall his generous speculation as to what the result would have been if there had been absolutely no violence, no shadow of law-breaking during those long months; if the struggle could have stood out as a single effort to attain a higher standard of life for every miner's family, untainted by any touch of hatred toward those who did not join in the effort. Mr. Lloyd believed that the wonderful self-control which the strikers in the

main exerted, but prefigured the strength which labor will exhibit when it has at last learned the wisdom of using only the moral appeal and of giving up forever every form of brute force. "If a mixed body of men can do as well as that they can certainly do better." We can almost hear him say it now. His ardor recalled the saying of a wise man, "that the belief that a new degree of virtue is possible acts as a genuine creative force in human affairs."

Throughout his life Mr. Lloyd believed in and worked for the "organization of labor," but with his whole heart he longed for what he called "the religion of labor," whose mission it should be "to advance the kingdom of God into the unevangelized territory of trade, commerce and industry." He dared to hope that "out of the pain, poverty and want of the people there may at last be shaped a new loving cup for the old religion."

Let us be comforted as we view the life of this "helper and friend of mankind" that haply we may, in this moment of sorrow, "establish our wavering line."

"O strong soul, by what shore
Dost thou now tarry? * * *
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practiced that strength
Zealous, beneficent, firm!"

Mr. Lothrop Withington, a brother-in-law of Mr. Lloyd, was next introduced and read the following original poem:

There is no death for him whose voice
Hath sounded for the right;
For him who bravely made the choice
To lead us toward the light!

Though silent is the silvery speech,
Its golden echoes ring;
To wider circles yet they reach,
To stretch Truth's magic ring!

He who hath battled for the poor
Lives in their loves for aye;

His faith abiding's fame is sure,
His deeds can never die!

For man the only lifting life
Are voices from the past;
They nerve his arm to evil's strife,
And win his heart at last!

It recks not where he seeks the fount,
Greek tomb and Indian tree,
Arabian sand or Syrian mount,
Or sea of Galilee!

The tinsel trash of pomp and power
Time's moths and rust lay low,
But life immortal is the dower
Of phrase with faith aglow!

Soon shrink the gorgeous shrines of wealth,
Neglected and forlorn!
The footprints of the conqueror's stealth
Are rubbed away in scorn!

The builders of eternal fanes
Are saviors of the soul;
Whatever meteor flashlight wanes
Their spirits onward roll!

There is no death for him whose voice
Hath sounded for the right;
Who dared in life to make the choice,
To lead us toward the light!

Judge Dunne said, the next speaker is a gentleman who has been the most personal and literary friend of Mr. Lloyd. He comes all the way from Boston to pay his tribute. Mr. Edwin D. Mead.

ADDRESS OF MR. EDWIN D. MEAD.

In the early days of September, just as he was beginning here in Chicago his great struggle for justice—his last struggle for the people—we were wandering in Switzerland, the Switzerland which we loved, and in some parts of Switzerland where Americans do not usually go. We came one day to the green land of Appenzell, that little

canton, one of the half dozen where the simple old fashions of the primitive Swiss democracy still go on, and men transact their public business in the open air under the sky, and as in the early morning we left the great city of St. Gall and looked back over that beautiful valley in which Swiss democracy began, we said to each other: "We know no other American who has ever been to St. Gall." Nearly all American travelers have been elsewhere, but Henry D. Lloyd alone among our friends went to St. Gall and studied the institutions and the present energetic life of that historic city.

In the last days of September, when he was dying here in Chicago, we, all unconscious that he had been stricken, were at the old city of Rouen, attending the International Peace Congress, and we sat there, remembering his strong words for the same cause. Perhaps we said it to his Chicago friends, for his Chicago friends were there; perhaps to London friends, for his London friends were there. I don't know what words we quoted. They may have been these:

"If the United States were in earnest about putting an end to war in this world, and if half our politicians and half of us were not humbugs, the United States alone could bring war to an end tomorrow."

Or they may have been these:

"The year when a great Christian nation first says that it will treat as an outlaw any other nation which will, without great warrant, go to war, that will be the real year One of our Lord."

We stopped on our way back from France to England in the Channel Islands and said to each other: We are not here because Jersey and Guernsey are beautiful; we are not here because Victor Hugo's exile has made Guernsey sacred; we are here because, on the rocks at Sakonnet, last summer, we talked with Henry D. Lloyd about Kropotkin's studies of the intensive agriculture of these islands, and wished with him that we might learn more of its hopeful lessons for our own people. And so we came to Lon-

don, and there, in the capital of the world, the fateful word was waiting which told us of his death. But were we who loved and mourned for him among strangers to him there in the great city? There were almost as many friends of his there in London, with whom we could exchange sweet memories and benedictions, as here in Chicago. When Sir William Mather, that great-hearted English democrat, said to us, "I count it a misfortune for any man never to have known Henry D. Lloyd, and to have been his friend is an education and a sacrament," a hundred of the noblest men and women in London would have said "Amen." His influence will go on there, as it will go on here.

Why do I take you thus so far from home? I wish to say that, for the man who loves progress and whose heart beats for humanity, Henry D. Lloyd is a part of geography, a part of almost every landscape that has promise in it.

It has already been emphasized by Miss Addams that most of the conspicuous lessons which he brought to us Americans he brought from distant places. It was of "Labor Copartnership" in England that he wrote; it was to New Zealand that he journeyed to prepare a book about "A Country Without Strikes." He was engaged, when he died, in writing for America of the political institutions of Switzerland, from which America could profitably learn so much. It was to him that I owed the prompting, a few years ago, to write upon the tyrannies to which the leaders of the working men of Italy were subjected in the days following the bread riots at Milan; for he was alive to them before I was, and furnished me with specific information. He longed, and he purposed, to go to India, to spend a year there, or whatever time he must, to understand more closely the situation, and come back and tell us better what he so deeply felt concerning the penalties which India and England are paying, as America needs betimes to understand, in the process of the domination and exploitation of one people by another which is "superior" and carries better guns. Day before yesterday, as I was leaving Boston, one who has sacrificed more than any other among us in

the effort for justice for the people of the Philippines, said to me that he felt it a personal and a public misfortune that Lloyd had not lived to go to the Philippines for impressions to vitalize the story of these last sad years, which no other pen could tell so eloquently as his or in a way so sure to go to the heart of the American people. I can say to you, as I said to him, that Lloyd wished it were in his power to do that very thing. The Philippines, India, Australia, Italy, Switzerland, England, wherever wrongs needed to be righted or lessons to be learned, thither Lloyd's head and heart usually outran us all. The world was his parish; and as today he was toiling around the corner, tomorrow he was on his way to the antipodes.

Above almost any man whom I have ever known, the true international man, Lloyd was equally and eminently the earnest and zealous patriot. I have known few men in whom the American heart throbbed so strongly. "I have come home," he said when he came to us on his return from his last foreign journey, "a stronger American than ever, with a deeper sense of our opportunity and power." Only he who knows how hateful to Lloyd were the brag and swagger which pass for patriotism in these days with nine men in ten, and how quick he was to note and keen to expose the national crimes and abuses which put the true American to shame, can appreciate aright the import of such words from him. Three weeks ago, in London, I sat with his dearest New Zealand friend, that friend who, standing in the New Zealand ministry, did more than any other to carry through the progressive labor legislation in New Zealand, and he said through his tears over Lloyd's memory, as he thought of his own little country and of our great one: "My God, what an opportunity is yours! If your republic were true for fifty years to the highest which she sees and knows, she could make the world over." That was an expression of what I mean when I speak of Henry D. Lloyd's patriotism, and his thought of what America could and must be made to mean; that was his underlying zeal and prayer through all the days.

No man knew better than he that precisely that was the zeal and the prayer of the founders of the republic. I never knew a man who had a more stalwart enthusiasm for Washington and Jefferson and Franklin and Sam Adams. He was jealous for their fame and he revered their principles. Again and again he said in the heat of his conflicts with today's perversions and abuses: "I ask for no new laws to deal with these abuses; I am pleading now for no general reorganization of society in order to correct these corruptions and evils; I am simply asking that the republic shall be faithful to the cardinal principles of its founders, that our own fundamental laws shall be enforced and defiant and high-handed lawlessness be stopped in this land." He had indeed his own far-reaching visions of a better social order, and these were his constant and controlling inspiration; but what the republic needed in order to put an end to the gross wrongs such as he exposed in "Wealth Against Commonwealth"—this was what he insisted again and again—was simply to be true to itself, to its own great charters and own laws. These were quite sufficient for the case; these were being definitely violated—and he appealed unto Cæsar. He was here, as he was himself so fond of saying, the true conservative—as the true radical so often is.

Lawlessness Lloyd abhorred, and especially lawlessness in high places, above all the lawlessness of law. He loved decency and order; progress was the only thing which he loved better than order. "Peace, if possible, justice at any rate," might well have served him as his motto, as it served Wendell Phillips. Justice was the only road to peace, the only foundation for order. He was the ardent advocate of international arbitration; he was the conspicuous champion in America of industrial arbitration. He hated the term "compulsory arbitration"; arbitration of the New Zealand sort was compulsory only as everything lawful is compulsory. What he stood for was order and justice, an equitable and rational state.

A distinctive mark of Lloyd's Americanism was his brave optimism. For America, as Emerson said and as Lloyd was always saying after him, means opportunity; and opportunity means hope. Lloyd always had hope, he had faith, a splendid faith in America and in the people, to whose education and inspiration he was confident that injustice and oppression must finally yield. No man so conscious of the injustice and oppression, no man such a fighter of them, none so resolute not to blink nor whitewash them nor permit them to be dubbed with pious names; but beyond tomorrow he always saw the day after. This was what gave his fervid nature such confidence, serenity and poise.

"It always seemed to me," said a New England woman to me last week, "that Mr. Lloyd had infinite leisure. I never knew another man of such an intense life who gave such an impression of having all the time that he needed." You who knew him well know what she meant. He was not flurried in his energetic days, because he believed that time was on his side, on the side of right and truth, and that if we do our work faithfully today, we can safely leave tomorrow to itself. That was what gave Lloyd, whose life was a white flame, that fine, strong aspect of repose.

He was pre-eminently a constructive man. Multitudes think of him in the first place as a critic, a fault-finder, a sort of district attorney, always arraigning something. I suspect that in truth the critic and the prophet always go together; but I remember that after Lloyd had completed and published his "Wealth Against Commonwealth," which was certainly the most powerful arraignment ever penned of the lawless aggression of money and monopoly here in America, he once said to me: "I have done my share of the dirty work, and I shall do no more as long as I live. I shall spend the rest of my life in telling America of the constructive things in the world which she ought to know about and ought to establish." From that time on it was of the positive measures, of synthetic things—co-operation, industrial arbitration, direct legislation, national ownership

—that his message almost exclusively dealt. He was never silent in the presence of wrong—his wrath over injustice was too hot to make that possible; and his philippics against this new jingoism and imperialism and his battle in Pennsylvania last winter are still fresh in all our minds. But he was pre-eminently the builder and bringer of good tidings, of the light that showed the way out.

Yet I cannot help thinking that the book of his which will be longest remembered and do the greatest good, his real masterpiece, is "Wealth Against Commonwealth." That searching and solemn impeachment is what America needs to study and take to heart today, as the clearest revelation of the disease which she needs most imperatively to cure. It is an appalling revelation of the lawlessness by which much of the great wealth in this country has been accumulated. The impeachment has never been answered. If it could have been answered, it would have been. I chanced to be with Mr. Lloyd at the time when the most pretentious attempt to answer it appeared in one of the magazines; and he went through it point by point with me to demonstrate its fallaciousness. "I could have myself criticised my book," he said, "far more effectively than any of my critics have done"; for he had detected errors, immediately corrected—that there were not more in a review crowded with such complex details is amazing—and he was always his own severest critic. Nothing could exceed the painstaking thoroughness of his examination. I can think of hardly another book whose every statement is fortified by such wealth of reference to official investigations and reports. At this very moment the whole story is being told again by another, month by month, in one of the great magazines; and her independent and still fuller researches attest convincingly the fatal accuracy of Lloyd's pioneering work. Yet that work was denounced again and again, for half a dozen years, and that not alone in petroleum circles, as extravagant, sensational and rhetorical.

Rhetorical! Yes; the critics there were hitting near the truth. Lloyd was eminently a rhetorician, if we will use

the word aright, meaning by it that he was always the literary man, always the artist in words. No man loved and relished better than he the well turned phrase. So keen was the feeling of the artist in him that in the hottest fight he could never fail the fine word; indeed, the hot fight was literary stimulus to him. I do not think we have had in America his superior simply as a phrase-maker. Many a pointed phrase of his, keener than a Damascus blade, was itself a whole battle, was a victory, for the cause; for victory is won the moment that the hollowness and humbug of the adverse thing are exposed, as his winged, witty, stinging phrase exposed them a hundred times. Had he chosen to be the literary man pure and simple, he would as such have earned a brilliant fame. Robert Louis Stevenson, himself, indeed, a master of style, could not think, he said, of three other Americans who were such forcible and impressive writers as Henry D. Lloyd. I must not fail to add what will be known to few, if any, here, that when Stevenson, away there in Samoa, read "Wealth Against Commonwealth," he was so stirred by it that he conceived the purpose to write a novel based upon it and pushing on its lesson; had he lived, that purpose might have been fulfilled. That is a measure of Lloyd's "rhetoric." It was a rhetoric with nerve and purpose in it, a rhetoric that communicated shock and impulse. His brilliant style, his artistic power, the fine phrase, the epigram—all this was the servant and tool of justice, of the people, of the high causes to which his life was given.

When, a few years ago, we were celebrating in Boston some birthday of our grand old man, Edward Everett Hale, and one said that he had written the best short stories in America, and another that had he chosen to do this or that he would in that field have been conspicuous in high degree, Howells said: "It is not right so to measure Dr. Hale. He is chiefly a great citizen, and all these things are to be estimated according as he has made them serve the central purpose of his life." So it was with him whom we honor. Dr. Hale himself honors him with us. It was he who pro-

nounced "Wealth Against Commonwealth" the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the new emancipation; and as I left Boston day before yesterday he wrote: "Tell his friends in Chicago that we love him here as they love him there. Tell them that we feel as deeply as they that his death was not simply the loss of our dear friend, but a blow to the nation and to the world. No other went over the world with such foresight as he to find and bring to America precisely the things she needed, no other was ever more loyal to the great ideals of his life."

Never, indeed, was man more loyal or more chivalric. With what magnificent abandon, careless of all unpopularity and abuse, he made himself spokesman for the so-called anarchists here in Chicago a dozen years ago, when he thought that they were being lawlessly hanged on general principles! With what heroism he stood beside John Mitchell and the miners there in Pennsylvania all last winter! He died a martyr for the cause you especially emphasize today as truly as any man ever died for a great cause upon a battlefield. He threw himself into this fight for municipal ownership with his characteristic fervor and abandon, when he was not fit for the fight, and literally died for the cause. It was always abandon and chivalry with Lloyd. When I think of the great men whom he loved and whose names were oftenest on his lips—Mazzini, Milton, Dante, Wendell Phillips, William Penn, Sir Harry Vane—I note that they were all chivalric men, men with the same abandon which he showed in behalf of holy and commanding causes, the same passion for justice. I like to remember that he chose to make his summer home on the shores of Narragansett bay, consecrated by the memories of that chivalric soul, Roger Williams, the first heroic spokesman for America, and for the world, of "soul liberty."

We rejoice to claim Lloyd in the East as you claim him in the West. We like to remember in Boston that for the last three years he made his home with us, and that he chose our Harvard for his sons. He loved history and literature; he loved the things for which Boston stands. But he

loved more—this is your proud and proper boast—the things for which Chicago stands; and he chose, with loyalty and love, to throw in his lot especially with this great capital of the West, where more stirring and prophetically than at any other place he felt that he saw American democracy in the making. East and West mingled in him more naturally and happily than in almost any other man whom I have known.

There was in his nature altogether a rare mingling of fascinating contrasts and most striking traits. A woman said to me last week: "Lloyd always seemed to me a prince condescending to be a democrat." He would not have thanked her for the word; he would have told her that the way from prince to democrat is upward. But do we not all catch her meaning? We think of that knightly figure and that patrician manner of his, as of some Sir Philip Sidney; we think, going deeper, of how in him privilege was ever giving itself to the unprivileged. He was a born leader of men. I was tempted to speak of him here as a lost leader, but I considered that nothing could have been much hatefurther to him. He did not like this magnifying of leaders in democracies; when democracies come to depend upon leaders he believed that they were dying or diseased. He revolted when he heard men say that Roosevelt or this other man or that would "pull us through." It was not the business of a democracy to be pulled through, or pushed through, but to go through. The wild anxiety about candidates seldom affected him. He noted often, with some relish, that in the Swiss republic, which he loved for so many things, men cared but little who was president, and the outside world hardly ever knew at all. "The Swiss Sovereign" was the title which he proposed for his book on Switzerland, and by the sovereign he meant the people. A nation where the people are not sovereign, a nation which really has rulers even when it calls them servants, was to his thinking not worthy of the name democracy.

The last time I saw him was in July, when he came to Boston to take part in the Emerson Centennial School. I

rejoice to associate him thus with Emerson in my last memory of him. I have spoken of the great men whom he loved; but above all these he loved Emerson. Emerson was peculiarly his master and inspirer. He quoted him oftener than any other; and I remember that in one great frame in his Sakonnet home he had grouped together a score of portraits of him. It was from his lecture on "The Wit and Humor" of Emerson that I walked home with him under the stars to his hotel; and that is the last picture. And it is from this great master of his that I think we hear now the messages most fitting and profitable for us as we go our way; for the Emersonian word was his word. The first word, the central word, for all social reform that shall be valid and endure is that "the one remedy for all ills, the panacea of nature, is the sentiment of love." "We must be lovers, and at once the impossible shall become the possible." "All voices must speak for the poor man. Every child that is born must have a just chance for his bread, and no one should take more than his share."

Emerson stood conspicuously for the new place and right of woman in the state. His essay on "Woman" is a prophetic word. The most advanced of us do but half realize, as yet, what it will mean when woman comes to her proper place in politics and life; the reform, as Wendell Phillips used to declare with such energy, involves the freedom of one-half the human race. Lloyd felt this as few feel it. He said, as Emerson said, that all his causes would be promoted if woman had the vote. He said, as Emerson said, that it was in the minds of good women that prophecy stirs and the moral imperative is influential. When he sent "Wealth Against Commonwealth" to the printer, his original purpose was to commend it at the front to the thought and conscience of the women of America; the dedication which he wrote still exists among his notes.

"There can be no union of two," Emerson said, "where there is not first a union of one." On this fundamental teaching our comrade's life laid eloquent and salutary accent. It is the accent necessary for these times. Com-

mon and disheartening indeed is the spectacle of the social reformer trying to make over the world when he has not yet made over himself; preaching fraternity and co-operative commonwealth, while no single personal act or word avouches love, tolerance and brotherhood, but rather all too often selfishness, envy, prejudice and hate. The inspiration of the life which we commemorate is that the life matched the gospel. The man indeed was better than any of his schemes or theories, noble and stimulating as they were. What nations need is the ethics of gentlemen—and he was a gentleman. He was himself the prophecy of a better social order, for a community of men like him is all we want. The gracious manner, the exquisite courtesy, the warm neighborliness, the unfailing thoughtfulness, the swift sympathy, the genius for kindness, the genius for friendship—in a word, the character of the man—how much more is this than even the greatness of the reformer, to which we, sharers of his labors, his vision and his hopes, have come here today to witness!

With loving breath of all the winds his name
Is blown about the world; but to his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And love steals shyly through the loud acclaim
To murmur a God bless you! and there ends.

A character like this, my friends, a soul like this, is eternal; it can never die. Was it Voltaire who said that if there were indeed no God it would be necessary to invent one? A noble woman said to me that, though her faith in immortality was sometimes weak, when Henry D. Lloyd died it was strong. It was incredible that such a life as that should cease; the waste were an impeachment of God's universe. It is again the word of Emerson: "What is excellent, as God lives, is permanent." * * * "All great men find eternity affirmed in the very promise of their faculties." * * * "Everything is prospective; and that the world is for man's education is the only sane solution of the enigma." One has said to me that she felt that this world had finished its work of schooling for him whom we

you

mourn. It may be so; but he surely had not finished his work of schooling and service for the world. It is for us to take up that work and carry it on. Let this service be no mere service of commemoration, but a service of consecration. In these solemn hours, let the sons of this father, now in the morning of life, consecrate themselves to the high service from which he has been called, and vow that their lives shall be given generously for humanity, as his was given. Let us, his friends, with a new baptism of his intrepid spirit, turn to the work he left undone, to fight more resolutely the things he hated and urge onward more persuasively the things for which he strove. And let this Chicago which he loved, this city which he died in serving, be moved by the memory of his message to stalwart struggle and to high ambitions, nor rest content until her walls are justice and her gates fraternity, and she be indeed a city of God.

The next number on the programme announced a song by the German Singing Societies, "Stumm Schlaeft der Saenger."

After the singing, Judge Dunne said: I present to you the co-laborer of Mr. Lloyd in the great anthracite coal strike, and who needs no introduction to Chicago, Clarence S. Darrow.

ADDRESS OF CLARENCE S. DARROW.

Today, in a million pulpits and platforms, preachers and teachers are lauding those heroes who died a hundred years ago, and are crucifying those who are still living. The world does not change much from year to year and from age to age. Everyone is brave enough to condemn an error already dead; few have the courage to condemn the evils of the present. Henry D. Lloyd was one of these few rare souls.

Ever since the human race was born, the men of muscle have been the slaves of the men with brains. Those who have the brains of the world have ever thought it their right to enslave the weak, to enslave every man and woman, because, forsooth, they had not the same wit as the aristocratic few.

Through all these ages the weak and poor and oppressed have grumbled and complained, resented and protested against the injustice of the world. It is only now and then, and here and there, in the course of ages that some man, born with all the opportunities of the world—born a ruler—born to drive his fellow men—has the courage and the conscience to get down off the load and work with the poor and the weak.

Such a man was Tolstoy. Such a man was John P. Altgeld; and I can never come to this building, which to me is sacred and hallowed with the memories of John P. Altgeld, when I do not think of that great and glorious man who died for his fellow men. Such a man, too, was Henry D. Lloyd, a man in whose memory this magnificent audience has assembled here today.

Henry D. Lloyd was not a workingman. He would have been the last man on earth to pretend that he was a workingman. Henry D. Lloyd was one of those few rare, unfortunate souls who have an imagination. From the luxury and opulence of his own surroundings he could go out and feel the discomfort and the sorrows and the troubles of the poor. Henry D. Lloyd was rich, but uncorrupted by wealth. He was an aristocrat, but unsoiled by aristocracy. He was a scholar, but he still retained within his breast, in spite of his scholastic teachings, those sentiments and feelings straight from human nature which bind man to his fellowman. He was a man whom gold could not corrupt and whom learning could not destroy, and these men are rare upon the face of the earth. He had the misfortune to have graduated at a college, but he overcame this misfortune. He had read many books, and yet had retained his reasoning faculties and the human sentiments which books de-

stroy. He wore good clothes, but he did not fear the touch of the common man, and he understood that the poor have more to fear from the contamination of the rich than have the rich from the contamination of the poor.

I knew him, and knew him well. It was always a little uncertain when a man tells you what another man was like, because most men have many sides, and he was one of these; and then, in what he said to me, one thing he said to me might appeal to me with special force, whereas it might appeal to someone else with almost no force at all. It is always doubtful when we describe other men; and yet we will all agree that Henry D. Lloyd was an honest man; he was a fearless man, and he would not wish that this audience would have one single false impression of his thoughts, of his purposes, of the grand, devoted object of his life.

Henry D. Lloyd was a scholar, but with all of that he was the most radical man I ever knew. Neither did his radicalism consist in high-sounding phrases. Unfortunately, he could only speak grammatically and write the measured English that is taught by rote in the colleges of the land. He did this well—better than the men who made the books. He could express high, grand, noble sentiments in elegant English, and there are few words in elegant English for the expression of these things. Fine diction is made and is used by those who have been taught to use their talent for the service of wrong, and it has been made and used to conceal the truth. He learned it, and he used it for something else.

As I have said, he was the most intense radical I ever knew. His radicalism, too, meant something. As has been said here this afternoon, he did not believe in force and violence; but Henry D. Lloyd was one of those men who knew what force and violence meant. He understood that the earth and all the good things thereof were monopolized and owned by the few, by force and violence. Much as he might lament cruelty by any man, still no person living ever heard him waste his time in turning from the denuncia-

tion of that force and violence which has despoiled and defrauded the countless millions of our fellow-men. No person ever heard him turn from that prime object of his life to waste his time upon the unfortunate wretch who simply shies a brick.

It was my good fortune to be intimately associated with him, to live with him, day after day, for three long months, when we went over the harrowing details of the greatest strike of which history has any record. There were many instances of coal miners who had broken windows, had committed assaults and battery and had shot guns and burnt property, to a limited extent, in this great and noble strike for the elevation of man. But no person ever heard Henry D. Lloyd for one single moment shift the responsibility for every one of these acts; no one ever knew him to hesitate for one single moment from placing the responsibility for every one of these acts where it rightly belonged—upon the masters whose force and violence caused it.

Henry D. Lloyd was a radical who believed in something. His ideas were specific. Everybody believes in justice, except in doing it and in making other people do it. He believed that a few men had no right to own the earth; he believed that the mass of men should come together and take it away from the few. He believed that it was theirs, and he had no patience in any scheme or system that would soothe the despoiled with platitudes and leave the despoiler with the possession of the world.

Henry D. Lloyd was a socialist, and when I say socialist, I mean a socialist. He believed specifically and literally that there was no solution of the industrial problem of the day excepting that the people should take the earth and all the implements of production, and operate them for the good of all.

He, like many others, sometimes had his doubts as to whether any political party was so broad that he could risk his fortune with it; but for several years he had no

doubt that the evolution of society, if the poor should ever come to their own, would be through socialism.

We have heard that he was an optimist; that depends somewhat upon the meaning of the word. If it means that species of emotional insanity which always places evil as the means of good, which finds consolation when the truth is buried under an immense majority given to error, then he was not an optimist. He had grave doubts about America. He had grave doubts about the American people. He did not know, as no man knows, whether the American people are strong enough to shake off the yoke of gold which fetters them today. He hoped; he worked; he tried; and that is all that is given to any man to do. But let us not be deceived as to the motives of the man. The world misjudges social reformers like Henry D. Lloyd. They do not misjudge themselves. They are not the wild dreamers that the world believes. A man may go with cheerful face and exalted soul into an open pit, because for him there is no other path. The world, who measures men and things by their own scale, cannot understand the grandness of such a soul. If a man is poor and he complains of the injustice of the world, then we are told that he cannot succeed and therefore he complains. If he is rich and he still protests against the crime and injustice that is everywhere, then we are told that he does not practice as he preaches—that he sacrifices nothing and is a canting hypocrite and a sinner. If he is tall, he should be short; if he is short, he should be tall; and if he is neither, he should at all events be something. But the man who really believes something and stands for something, soon learns, if not to forget the world, at least to ignore the world. He is not deceived. He knows that the path of a radical man is not a path of roses. He knows that it means loss of friends—loss of power; that it means self-denial and abuse. He knows that the rich despise him; that the press reviles him; that even his friends turn from him and doubt and mistrust him. He knows that unless he can walk alone, conscious of his own integrity, and

disregard all the world around him, he better turn his back upon his convictions and go with the crowd. The man who really knows and really cares, does not ask for consequences. He sees before him a great light, and he follows it, even though it leads to the depths of perdition itself.

Such a man was this great man whom we mourn today—often despised, often reviled, often misjudged, often doubted. He never thought, and he never cared, and he never knew what the world cared to say, but, moved by a high, grand purpose, he saw the star of duty straight before him and he followed it regardless of all things on earth or all things in heaven, because for Henry D. Lloyd there was no other way.

We miss him; we mourn him. I am not the optimist who can see good in this calamity. Ten years ago he wrote that powerful book—that powerful book which showed anew the great crime of one mighty corporation using every means on earth to protect itself. Twenty years ago he gave it to the world, and yet, Rockefeller lives, and Henry D. Lloyd is dead. And yet, the great Standard Oil trust is stronger today than ever before in its history and has drawn under its protecting wing, say, a nation and churches and universities; and we are commemorating a man who taught the truth to all the world. But he did his work, and it should be an inspiration to us one and all to follow the example of that great, noble human soul.

In his next introduction Judge Dunne said: They say that all the world loves a lover, and that most of the world loves a fighter. I take pleasure in introducing one of our noblest fighters—the Hon. "Tom" L. Johnson, of Cleveland.

ADDRESS OF THOMAS L. JOHNSON.

People of Chicago:—

I am in your midst this afternoon to add my word commemorating the memory of a great man. I am here be-

cause it is an honor to pay honor to the memory of Henry D. Lloyd; not because I am a socialist, as he was, but because I loved the man that loved humanity better than honor. Henry D. Lloyd's work will speak to generations to come. His work in the interests of the downtrodden—his work in going all over the globe searching for facts and traditions to help work out of a situation that all agree is bad, is one that will live on. A man who could have given himself to luxury, who could have been courted by the wealthy, who could have had all the comforts of life—yet he took up the battle for the other side, my friend received, and will receive, the praise of the people who know his work.

It is very easy to drift along with the classes and be applauded by those people who are the creators of all the injustices of our scheme of life. It is very easy to accept their applause. It is sometimes hard to accept the ingratitude of the masses; but this was his rule: It is better to be the subject of ingratitude of the masses than to receive the applause of the classes. When those who profit by privilege and monopoly applaud a man, Henry D. Lloyd knew that he was found to be wrong. If the masses were not grateful, he at least had the comfort of knowing that he had an opportunity to do right.

I desire in this meeting to say one thing that it seems has not been dwelt upon before, and that is, that Mr. Lloyd had as his helpmate, as his co-worker, a wife who took as much interest in his work as he did. While we do honor to his memory, let us not forget to do honor to the wife who listens tonight and enjoys with us this tribute to her good husband. No doubt she has felt as people in that position who cross over the barrier from the side in which they find themselves entered, to the side of the plain people, must feel; what others must feel and other good women have felt; some loss of friends; some loss of association. But she will carry with her to her grave a better feeling, and one that will pay better in the long run, one that will give her great happiness; that in helping her husband in

his work, in helping us commemorate his memory, she has done right—and that is a greater comfort than all social enjoyments bring.

Henry D. Lloyd died in his work, right in the midst of it, here in Chicago, fighting for municipal ownership. It was a good cause, my friends. We over in another State are having something of the same kind of fight. You, however, have advantages over us. You have gone farther in the work. We are trying to keep up with your example; and we, in Cleveland, we of the state of Ohio, my friends, are making the fight for municipal ownership and operation of municipal monopoly. You have a law that will give you an opportunity to test the matter. You people of Chicago may vote next April whether you will adopt the Mueller Law and that will give you the right to operate your street railways. We have no such opportunity, my friends, and we do not seem, at this time, to have any opportunity of getting that through our next legislature.

Unlike my friend, Mr. Darrow, I am an optimist. I do not believe the truth of the proposition can be downed or destroyed—the truth of the proposition that people in every community, whether it is Chicago or Cleveland, can entrust into the hands of men, for private profit, the use of its public highways or the institutions in those highways. We cannot build up great privileged corporations, whether they own your street railroads or your Gas Companies or your Electric Light Companies. You cannot put up great franchises for twenty, forty, fifty, two hundred million dollars and expect that they won't be paid for by somebody. There is but one safe rule, and that is, to build, own and operate these municipal monopolies for your own benefit, or they will own and operate you for their benefit.

In Ohio, we have no opportunity to have a municipal street railroad, but we have a law on the statute books that will give us the right to operate a municipal lighting company. We undertook to put it into effect. We undertook to submit the matter to the vote of the people, under a law recently passed for the purpose of doing that, chang-

ing the old law somewhat. We, over in our State, and I say it with no disrespect—the Supreme Court was probably right; the difficulty was that shrewd men so planned the statute that enabled us to submit it to a vote of the people; but when we attempted to try it, there was a “sleeper” in the bill, and we failed, and the Supreme Court of Ohio said that we could not submit to our people the question of whether we would own and operate a municipal lighting plant or not. A casual reading of your Mueller Law, though it is a step in the right direction, raises a suspicion in some minds that perhaps you will find some “sleepers” in that law before you get through. Perhaps you will find, if you adopt some expediency for temporarily extending the street railroad rights—unless you are very careful, my friends, you will find that shrewd lawyers will tie you up tighter than ever to the 99-year franchise; and you will have made your fight and lost it while you were asleep. Remember that they can employ the wisest and craftiest talent to write the bills that you are expected to endorse. Remember that you have on your side to rely on men who work for nothing. Don’t make any grants in your streets unless you reserve the right on the part of the people, at any time, to readjust it on a basis that will suit you and not tie you up to the future.

Over in Cleveland our fight is for a three-cent fare. But the reason that street railroad franchises are not extended today in Cleveland; the reason, my friends, that un-expiring grants such as yours are not renewed, is that the railroad companies will not accept the terms that are satisfactory to the people; and things are in that condition now. I am no prophet nor the son of a prophet. But I predict that both in Cleveland and in Chicago we will win the fight. Of course, you have progressed farther than we have in another way. We have not yet gone into partnership with the United States courts in running our street railroads. I admit it may be our turn next; but I have the old-fashioned notion that Chicago should settle the questions that the people of Chicago are interested

in; that Illinois should settle the questions that the people of Illinois are interested in. I cannot help but view with dread and harm the bringing in to the management of our street railroads and cities, the United States courts to manage the affairs of the city. The constitutional amendment that we adopted thirty odd years ago ostensibly to free the black man's hands, has tied the white man's hands without freeing the black man's hands at all. You have in that an illustration of how a very necessary amendment, cunningly worded, may be applied and brought back to injure the very people who helped to pass it in the past. But we are getting wiser, and we will know more about these subjects. While corrupt politicians may win victories by fear and boodle, yet we should not be discouraged, my friends, for everywhere in this land, and in the other, for that matter, there is a current of thought making for destruction of monopoly and special privileges—making, my friends, for the ownership of all monopolies by all the people, and not being operated by some people for their private profit. Like a man building a dam to hold back a stream thinks that perhaps the current has stopped; but it is merely holding back the flood, and some time it will sweep on. And I expect to live to see the time when the breaking of a dam will sweep away political corruption; will sweep away, my friends, the power to frighten men, and will arouse people in their own interests to settle these public questions for themselves, here and now, and not put it off.

I am an optimist, and I say that the work of Henry D. Lloyd, his work in Chicago, the work for municipal ownership of municipal monopolies, his work to settle this great transportation question that involves almost every interest in the United States; that his work is yet to bear fruit; and I am proud to be a humble worker in the ranks—a follower, if you will, of the teachings of Henry D. Lloyd on the subject of municipal and public monopolies.

My friends, I am glad of this chance to be with you and glad to have listened this afternoon to these splendid ora-

tions; I am glad for the memory of Henry D. Lloyd, and his charming wife and to have had the privilege to be at this great meeting.



HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD.

A FUNERAL ADDRESS, OCT. 1, 1903, BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

It is a sad but sweet privilege to say a word at this affecting hour. As I looked at my dead friend's face Monday afternoon—fair and beautiful as it had been in life—the pity of his leaving us was uppermost in my mind. Still in manhood's prime, loved as few are, ardent for great causes, just preparing for a civic contest here in Chicago, with a promise and potency of ten or twenty years more of public service, how could we endure that he should be laid low! The tangle of this present sorry scheme of things has rarely made itself felt more sensibly.

And yet something in the noble lines of his countenance, and the faint suggestion of a smile on his lips, forbade that pity or perplexity should be the final word. He was a man—and to be a man in this shuffling world, erect, fearless, taking one's counsel from within, is no mean triumph. He may not have thought of this—the good man does not usually think much about himself—but we can think of it and in our bewilderment lift up our heads. More than the most and the best we do is what we are, the quality of character we put forth. What we accomplish depends more or less on accident; Mr. Lloyd might have done less and been the same true-hearted, modest, lovable and brave man. It is the heart, the motive, the personality to which we bow in love and homage. This shines through the words and deeds and gives them their luster and their immortal worth. Yes, this is catching; it transfuses itself into us—and the lasting, imperishable thing about Mr. Lloyd is not his great addresses or his great books, but the high, unconquerable, strongly-loving spirit in which he wrought them, and which, if we will, may live again in us and in all who read him or come to know of him. Some one has said that

the greatest gift of a hero is to have been a hero—for this somehow challenges our own souls; or, as Emerson, whom Mr. Lloyd loved and honored, put it:

"He that feeds men serveth few,
He serves all who dares to be true."

Most of us are absorbed in our petty interests—perhaps the homely truth for many is that they have to be; others set free from sordid cares easily give themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure, so-called. Here was a man set free, who devoted himself to the service of his kind—above all to the service of those on whom the weight of sordid cares rests like a load. It was the same spirit, the same tender chivalry, that led the Lord of Sorrows to look with compassion on the multitudes of old—only modern, instead of ancient, in the method of relief. This spirit is making a religion of its own in our day, and my old friend, living though dead, is one of its prophets. A lecture first given, I think, in this city and before a society with which I am connected, "The New Conscience," will be one of its classics. The peculiarity of the new faith is that it asks men once again to live from within outward, to draw the rules for their lives from their highest thoughts. And this was the peculiarity of Mr. Lloyd. He was guided by inner promptings, he was unworldly—nay, he was in flat contradiction with the spirit of the world as it exists. He dared think that men might live in love, that society might be ordered by love, that the highest sentiments might dictate the ordinances and statutes of the state. With his whole heart he longed for this higher order of things—and every little step or promise of a step toward a heavenlier country, he observed and studied and talked about from the housetops. This, I say, is a revival of religion—it is bringing once more the heavenly and the perfect into the consciousness of men; it is an elevation of the heart, a passionate movement in that direction. For in this age of the world, religion and reform are in essence one and the same.

I have said how much he had still to do—how untimely was his death. And yet what in the last fifteen years he

has done! What labors went into his books! How he traveled, how he delved, how he unearthed documents, how he conversed with men—everywhere seeking, first-hand, original information. It was a beautiful, cheering sight—this unbought, arduous toil. Mr. Lloyd's books have often been misjudged. They do not satisfy scholars, it is said. But they were not written for scholars. They were written for the people—for their enlightenment, for their warning and encouragement. Did Jesus address himself to satisfy the learned of his time? Were St. Paul's Epistles written for scholars? A scientific treatise is one thing and a book with a mission is another—and Mr. Lloyd's books are all with a mission, their aim is to move and to stir and to lift men; they are warm with life, they throb with the pulse-beats of the man. Witness a passage at the close of "Wealth Against Commonwealth":

"It is not a verbal accident that science is the substance of conscience. We must know the right before we can do the right. When it comes to know the facts the human heart can no more endure monopoly than American slavery or Roman empire. The first step to a remedy is that the people care. If they know, they will care. To help them to know and care; to stimulate new hatred of evil, new love of the good, new sympathy for the victims of power, and, by enlarging its science, to quicken the old into a new conscience, this compilation of fact has been made."

Scholars have never successfully assailed Mr. Lloyd's books in any essential point; but his voice is above all that of an apostle, a missionary; it is scholarship consecrated to human service, baptized with the spirit of the new humanity.

Members of this family circle—wife, children, father, sister, brother, whose love and whose grief are too sacred for me to more than reverently recognize—it was indeed a sad and tragic ending, on Monday last, and the hearts of hundreds and thousands in this great city and elsewhere in the land, go out in sympathy and tender solicitude to you; but I pray you, lift your thoughts above the moment, think of what has been, and let a song of thanksgiving rise in your hearts to the mighty unseen powers that this dear man, husband, father, son, brother, has been among you so

The People's Tribute to Henry Demarest Lloyd.

It falls to the lot of very few men to receive such a tribute as was paid in Chicago to the memory of Henry Demarest Lloyd. It was the tribute of the people, though not quite the whole people, only one class—or, better, faction—was conspicuous by its silence and its absence. Nothing was seen or heard from the predatory few whose pecuniary interests involve private gain at public expense. But representatives of every other class in our great cosmopolitan community composed the vast audience of four thousand people who assembled in the Auditorium on the memorial Sunday afternoon. The diversity of the assembly was the more significant because of Mr. Lloyd's radically pronounced position upon deeply divisive issues. It was to have been expected that the great majority would be gathered from among the common people and the rank and file of organized labor. For they knew he had crossed the barricade of wealth and culture to their side of the struggle, and they met him on their own ground. Prominent, therefore, among the organizations under whose auspices the occasion was arranged was the Chicago Federation of Labor. From the bituminous coal fields of the west and the anthracite mines of the east came delegations of the miners with their rare leader, John Mitchell, as their spokesman, to pay their tribute of gratitude to the champion of their right to an American standard of life and labor. The Carpenter's Council were there because he had settled a strike for them. The Typographical Union claimed him to be of their craft by virtue of his thirteen years of editorial service on the Chicago Tribune, and his still more protracted authorship of books. From labor union treasuries \$650 were contributed toward the expense of the meeting, poor miners'

locals contributing liberally. Mr. Edwin D. Mead fittingly voiced the appreciation of Mr. Lloyd's literary fellow craftsmen in Boston and New York, where he was taken into the inner circles; in Chicago, where he was one of the founders of the Literary Club, and in England, where Robert Louis Stevenson's opinion is shared by not a few: "He writes the most workman-like article of any man known to me in America, unless it should be Parkman. Not a touch in Lloyd of the amateur." The United Turner and Singing Societies made response not only for the German, but for many other foreign peoples, of whose labor and life Mr. Lloyd was a sympathetic student. The Henry George Association and the Municipal Ownership Convention stood forth, perhaps, most prominently of all, as those most committed to the economic ideals which inspired Mr. Lloyd's writings and to the cause of public ownership of municipal monopolies, in the fight for which at Chicago he laid down his life. The village council in which he organized his Winnetka neighbors for the practice of the referendum principle in their home suburb, was a center of a much larger group from the highest professional, business, literary and society circles of the city. A judge of the Chicago Bench presided, an attorney of the county bar was one of the speakers, and the mayors of the two principal Ohio cities—Cleveland and Toledo—were foremost in eulogy. Hull House and Chicago Commons also joined in issuing the call to which the people thus responded in token of Mr. Lloyd's far-sighted social vision and pre-eminent service of that better social order for which the settlements stand, to Mr. Lloyd's passion for which Miss Addams gave such true and fitting expression in the address which we are privileged to share with our readers.

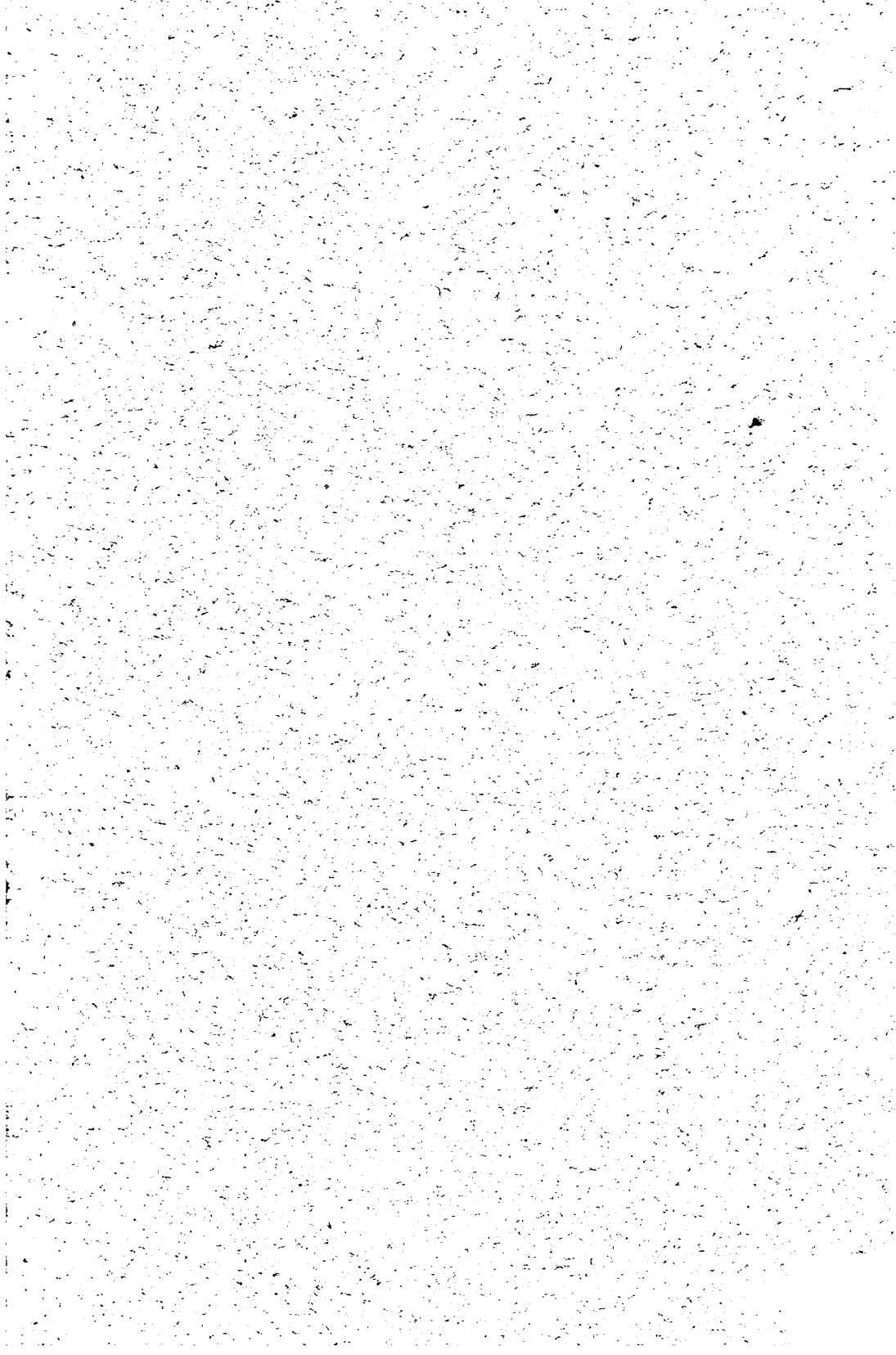
The popular estimate upon his personal character was well expressed by the counsel who was associated with him in pleading the case of the miners before the President's arbitration commission:

"He was rich, but uncorrupted by wealth. He was an aristocrat, but unsullied by aristocracy. He was a scholar,

but he still retained sentiments and feelings straight from human nature which bind man to his fellow-man. He was a man whom gold could not corrupt, and whom learning could not destroy; and these men are rare upon the face of earth."

In our judgment, which ripened through ten years of ever-increasing friendship and deepening admiration, Henry Demarest Lloyd, and no less truly the lady to his manor born, so personified a self-exacting devotion to the ethical ideal of Christianity and a truly racial social consciousness as to set a prophetic type of the America that is yet to be.

From The Commons, December, 1903. Chicago Commons Social Settlement Monthly.



Library of Michigan University

From Aaron Lloyd

In Memoriam

Henry Demarest Lloyd

*May first, 1847—
September twenty-eighth, 1903*

Winnetka, December 3d, 1903



WINNETKA TOWN MEETING

Memorial Meeting

In Honor of

HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD.

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 3, 1903, at 8 P. M.

at the

WINNETKA CLUB

By Courtesy of the
Club Officials

WITH THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM :

MR. LLOYD AS A FRIEND.....Mr. Frederick Greeley
MR. LLOYD AS A CITIZENRev. Quincy L. Dowd
LETTER FROM REV. SIMEON GILBERT, READ BY..Mr. Dowd
MEMORIAL ADDRESS.....Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Winnetka Memorial Meeting

Mr. William C. Boyden, Chairman, opened the Winnetka Memorial meeting with these words:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

With your kind permission, we will omit the usual order of business for this meeting; and first, it is my present duty, on behalf of the town meeting, to express to the Winnetka Club our gratitude for the courtesy and kindness expressed in the invitation to hold this meeting in this beautiful Club. This meeting is called to honor our friend, Henry D. Lloyd. It is eminently fitting that such a meeting should be held under the auspices of the Town Meeting. Mr. Lloyd was always a zealous supporter and defender of the Town Meeting from its beginning; he loved the pure democracy of the Town Meeting; the privilege of meeting with our fellow citizens without distinction, for considering measures for the betterment of the village and the purity of our village reform. For the past few years his studies and his work took him away from Winnetka into distant lands and larger communities. I first met him upon his return last spring, and he was glad to be home. The Town Meeting at once turned to him, and he seemed to be glad of the opportunity of speaking again to his long-time friends and neighbors. We, who are present, will never forget how eloquently and sympathetically he spoke of the great Anthracite Coal Strike. The last Town Meeting was, I believe, his last public appearance in Winnetka.

This meeting is peculiarly a meeting of Mr. Lloyd's friends. We who live in Winnetka are a favored people in many things; but Winnetka has offered no greater boon

in the past than the privilege of the friendship of Henry D. Lloyd.

I have great pleasure in presenting Mr. Frederick Greeley, who will respond to the sentiment, "Mr. Lloyd as a Friend."

ADDRESS BY MR. FREDERICK GREELEY.

Friends and Neighbors:

I am glad of this opportunity to speak to you of my appreciation of the high privilege which for over thirty years I enjoyed in the friendship of Henry Demarest Lloyd. For he was to me first and of all and at all times the friend; gracious, cheery, helpful and hospitable; interesting me intensely in the wide range of his outlook upon the world, but chiefly, I think, for the rare sympathy which he always felt for the interests and occupations, whether work or play of others.

I do not believe that Henry Lloyd was ever bored by any one, for he had in large measure the faculty of showing such real appreciation of the ideas of any one with whom he came in contact, that he immediately brought out in them the most and the best that was in them. He somehow found out what you were doing or wanted to do, and inspired you to talk your best about it.

He had the genius for friendship and would not be denied; in his region there was no other atmosphere. Even though he opposed you it would be in the spirit of kindly, generous strife for the best.

In Winnetka we have always been vigorous, even at times perhaps violent partisans; and thanks to the lively interest which we have always taken in our village affairs, no one can truthfully say that our annals have ever been in the least monotonous. Nor as long as we all continue to give our Commonwealth the first place will they ever become monotonous. We may not be happy but we *will* not be dull.

on one of these occasions of turmoil and upheaval over the discussion of some such matter as a road improvement or a sewer, I found myself arrayed in the ranks opposed to Mr. Lloyd and on parting from him after a friendly talk, I said, perhaps a little arrogantly, referring to the public meeting at which the momentous improvement was to be discussed: "We meet again at Philippi." "Yes," he said, "but still as friends and lovers of Winnetka." The ordinary little neighborhood differences that are so apt to magnify themselves into causes of enstrangement, had no effect upon his friendly feeling. Our chickens never seemed to get into his garden nor our cows into his corn; or if they did they never got any farther.

During and after the anarchist tragedy in Chicago when Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd held forth pitying and sympathetic hands and hearts to the unfortunate and misguided men, some of their friends resented their action; but he said to Mrs. Lloyd: "Do not let us notice or appear to notice any change in them; they are and must be too good and dear friends to be lost in such a way."

He was no *little* hater. If he hated a man it was with a well grounded, comprehensive and impersonal hatred, based upon his conviction that that man was doing or had done something inimical to the general welfare, and then he spoke in no uncertain tone.

Henry Lloyd would not tolerate unfriendliness; he had a way of gently impelling himself through or under or around one's crossness, or biliousness, in a way that made for friendliness. He was such an easy man to be friendly with, always ready with some new point of contact, if an old one had been rubbed off by the friction of events. A little boy learning that a strange visitor to his home did not know his father, said: "Don't you know father? Why, I know him just as easy."

What a benison in this work-a-day world is this gift of compelling friendship; getting through the grim, cautious reserve that we hedge ourselves about in, like little stupid

kings, and bringing every one into the great brotherly democracy of good times and kindly feeling.

Mr. Lloyd was not so much a leader as a companion of men. I do not believe that he ever desired leadership in the ordinary acceptance of the term. He was moulded on fine and delicate lines and was not of the sterner, coarser fibre that makes captains. But while he may not have led men, still we went with him, drawn along his path even though we preferred another, by his many-sided and charming personality. He made you feel that your ideas were valuable to him, and so promoted the interchange that often led to agreement and accomplishment.

Mr. Lloyd shared with our friend Mr. Dowd the honor of originating the idea of the "Town Meeting," using as a prototype the New England Town Meeting, and making this a purely voluntary though duly organized assembly for the discussion of all matters of public interest. He believed entirely in these friendly gatherings of all our people, where we can get acquainted and talk things over, arriving finally at a consensus of opinion expressed in the document known as the "Sense of the Meeting" to be transmitted to our Village Trustees as an initiative for our referendum. The fame of our Town Meeting has spread far beyond our own confines. Dear old Boston has discerned in us another cradle of Liberty, which through the Transcript she has reached out a grandmotherly foot to rock.

Winnetka has never been noted for the formality nor the elaboration of its social life; but there was an elemental simplicity about it in the rollicking seventies after the Chicago fire that was immensely refreshing. I recall one of the delightful dances of that happy Eocene period, quite impromptu and entirely unexpected, arising from the discovery by Mrs. Lloyd of two musical tramps, one of whom was an artist upon the accordeon, while his partner performed upon the mouth organ. The tramps were of course hungry; the Lloyds always hospitable, and Winnetka ever ready to dance. So after a little collective bargain a tripartite agreement was entered into, Mrs. Lloyd furnishing

the dinner, the tramps music, and the populace dancing. The only ball which ever approached this one, for genuine merriment, artistic dancing and enthusiastic music, was the Fezziwigs ball described by Mr. Scrooge in the Christmas Carol. And Henry Lloyd as a dancer came very close to the Fezziwig standard. I remember a long line of most delightful meetings at this lovely home, where one always met the most interesting people of every variety of opinion, of every condition of life and position in the world and doing all sorts of work in it. All welcomed for what they were or what they needed in a community of interest and mutual cheer.

The social life of this family was always charming and helpful to a great many people. No one cared what he had, or what he wore, or how he looked, but each one felt that he gave and received value in this clearing house of ideas where both poor and rich got richer, and every one gained but no one lost.

The Reverend Brooke Herford and his family came out here early in the Post Igneous epoch, escaping from a rather strenuous and exacting social life in Chicago. The Herfords lived in the old Timothy Wright place, now belonging to our one wealthy property owner, Mrs. Hetty Green. Toward the end of one of the meetings of the clan at Mrs. Lloyd's, when even the British reserve had completely thawed, Mr. Herford at parting impulsively threw his arms about Mr. Lloyd's neck and exclaimed: "Henry Lloyd, this is what I call good society." In those horseless, motorless, golfless days we *walked* for pleasure, and Henry Lloyd on a country ramble through the woods or across the Skokie was Chief of the Clan. Then with "health and a day in June we made the pride of Kings ridiculous." Such walks and talks never had been nor will be. We "babbled o' green fields"—and talked of the differing glories of the stars, and of the life that we knew and the life that we hoped for.

He knew his Winnetka and loved it, and his Winnetka loved this handsome, scholarly, kindly gentleman who was

our friend. We miss his genial presence; the smile and cheery word that so often made a dull day bright, or a rough place smoother.

I.

"Though he that ever kind and true,
Kept stoutly step by step with you
Your whole long gusty lifetime through,
Be gone awhile before,
Be now a moment gone before,
Yet, doubt not, soon the seasons shall restore
Your friend to you."

II.

"He has but turned a corner—still
He pushes on with right good will,
Through mire and marsh, by heugh and hill
That self-same arduous way—
That self-same upland hopeful way
That you and he through many a doubtful day
Attempted still."

III.

"He is not dead, this friend—not dead,
But, in the path we mortals tread,
Got some few trifling steps ahead
And nearer to the end,
So that you, too, once past the bend
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
You fancy dead."

IV.

"Push gayly on strong heart! The while
You travel forward mile by mile
He loiters with a backward smile,
Till you can overtake,
And strains his eyes to search his wake,
Or whistling, as he sees you through the brake,
Waits, on a stile."

Mr. Boyden, introducing Mr. Dowd, said: As Mr. Greeley has told us, we are fortunate in having with us tonight one who by right and by common consent may be called the father of the Town Meeting. He was a co-laborer, for many years, with Mr. Lloyd in all movements that made for the betterment of conditions here. He knows as well as any man how Mr. Lloyd loved Winnetka, and his services to the town. Mr. Dowd no longer dwells among us, but the memory of his civic patriotism and his

unselfish devotion to the welfare of the town, is still green and will so remain for many years. We feel, and we trust he feels, that he has come home on a visit. I have great pleasure in presenting to you Mr. Dowd, who responds to the sentiment, "Mr. Lloyd as a Citizen."

ADDRESS BY REV. QUINCY L. DOWD.

We do not come together tonight for adulation of our fellow townsman. We come to renew our spirits in the sense of our common life as Mr. Lloyd felt and lived it among us. How shall he be spoken of who once walked these streets of our village? Would it might all be in plain and simple words, the only eloquence, that supplied by memory of his own kind, earnest self, who cared so wisely and devotedly for Winnetka, her people and her high interests.

Now that Mr. Lloyd has gone into the greater citizenship, where we may hope that he beholds in full splendor what is even more perfect than "The White City" as he once visioned it forth to us, why should his fellow townsmen speak of him and continue doing so? It were reply enough just to say, that Citizenship—his own and ours—is the nearest as it is the largest concern of the common earthly life men live together. There are men who make profound and far-reaching studies in citizen life. They know much of rude social origins and the slow development of states and towns; but to give a "local habitation and a name" to all this knowledge, to make it serve the immediate welfare of one's neighbors and community, this denotes a scholarly and citizen virtue all too rare in combination. Happy the village in which citizenship is become the steady, intelligent pride and passion of both old and young.

This popular good,—this spirit of each for all and all for each, does not come out of the void,—a mere fortuitous birth. It is the result of a process, the choice inheritance of education, or in some cases the gifted impulse of public

spirit and public service, as one's special vocation. Those of you whose life has been spent for a term of years in various towns East and West or at the South, and then have lived a goodly time in Winnetka, are aware that a type of citizen thought and action has grown and prevailed here which is now well defined and fairly characteristic, of the men and women who have borne a part in shaping this body of citizen sentiment. This promises a sufficiency for Winnetka's progressive good.

It need not be said that no *one* man alone has either inspired or effected all this benefit. Nor can one generation of citizens alone who have homed in Winnetka claim all the virtue and credit to themselves. The very founders of this village planned generously and sought to have a place of beauty. They gave the people room to breathe in and to play in. The village charter provided for an almost ideal collection of homes, quiet and safe from the temptations and alarms of saloons, and sought to provide an unusually high grade of schools. But what those few worthy founders of Winnetka established has been nobly built upon by those who came after. As memorial of Mr. Lloyd is made tonight, it is as if a cloud of witnesses, yes, and of citizens and associates, were with us in this service. His work and his name but accentuate and illustrate in eminent degree what is typical of "Our Village." You would have your children educated and inspired here according to some worthy and fair model of "one who loved his fellowmen," and showed his love in every-day practical ways. If this memorial can serve any purpose to make Mr. Lloyd's name a household influence and a treasure with your children, it has not been held in vain.

Is it not Shakespeare who said: "What great ones *do*, the less will prattle of"? And Emerson was nobly conscious how personality and personal living take up the mind of the young. "All my Greek and Latin, all my wealth count for nothing with a child; but what I have of soul, that I can give, and the child can feel what I am."

Is there a Winnetka child, think you, whose whole life would not be placed on a higher plane, and he sent out to be a truer, more useful citizen of the world by learning the local style of citizenship shown in our honored fellow townsman? A wise mother said to her friends: "My one ambition in life is to become a tradition to my children." This is what every citizen of us might well lay to heart, and make his own aim. We are glad and thankful tonight, that one who was so lately among you and shared your community life, has earned the right and title to be a tradition in this village of what citizenship means and is capable of. Hold fast this tradition! is my one word to you all. Men of this stamp and conduct are your best, richest assets. Their history promises you a still finer destiny.

While we meet here in memory of our friend and fellow-man, it is open to us to make a personal study touching some elements of citizenship. It is evident that first of all Mr. Lloyd was an *idealist* in regard to what it means to be a citizen. He was ever a student of men in their relations and duties in society. He could not conceive of a decent man being a mean citizen in a mean village. He felt that surroundings and people very nearly fit and make each other. A quarter of a century ago Winnetka was a small, scattering hamlet. In some respects it made an idyllic, rural environment—a sort of "babes in the woods" chance for abode. Here and there were clusters of houses, separate and hidden by thick groves and dense underbrush. Opportunity for very little intimate and delightful neighborhood feeling was afforded under these conditions, about such as may obtain in favored farming districts. But the unity and spirit of village life as citizens could not flourish after any ideal sort.

There was one institution, however, which did exist in those early days of Winnetka, namely, the annual village caucus. Many of you will remember the active part Mr. Lloyd took in those public discussions, outlining a high order of policy for the citizens to pursue. In something

the same spirit that impelled Mr. Emerson always to attend the town meeting of Concord, so did Mr. Lloyd loyally and ardently support the nonpartisan village caucus. Well do I remember how earnestly he spoke of the point of honor involved in maintaining this rally of citizens as such to provide for, and safeguard the village service and interests. His idealism as a citizen led him to encourage personally the organization of the "Winnetka Town Meeting" as a popular forum—a place to bring up questions of village improvement and to furnish a means for cultivating mutual acquaintance and entertainment. It was his own happy thought to name this monthly gathering "The Winnetka Town Meeting." It proved to be the very institution whereby Mr. Lloyd's idealism in citizenship could get expression, and it still makes its wholesome influence felt. Did not the hearts of many burn within us, as we saw him rise to speak among us and we listened to his direct, simple, most eloquent statements of what human lives are doing, or ought to do the world over that citizen life may be complete and worthy? Idealism in any man is ever that larger, better conception of things and of his own selfhood in the midst of private and public duties, which draws out confidence toward him and gives expectancy of still further power to be exercised in foretelling the good in store and bringing it to pass. Yes, as a fellow citizen Mr. Lloyd was a prophet of the new things here and everywhere belonging to the new era.

But his idealism in citizen life was not of the unpractical kind. He did not move among us as a student or theorist merely; his aim was the practical, the concrete in citizenship which "shows its faith by its works." Like Browning he would hold that:

"The Common problem, yours, mine, everyone's,
Is not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be; but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means."

In him we honor tonight we have a practical example of this effort "up to his means." Mr. Lloyd obeyed as a

citizen the call of Winnetka to do official service as Village Treasurer. In this office he gave practical exemplification of what he, as an idealist in citizen service, felt was right to do in practice. He turned over to the Public Library a valuable bond as a fund for the purchase of books, this sum being what could have come to him personally in connection with the Treasurer's office.

Even after his larger work as a scholar and a publicist took him temporarily elsewhere to live the greater part of the time, he still preferred to remain a citizen of Winnetka. This did not mean for him an escape from obligations and responsibilities by non-residence. Rather it involved more labor and expense and time to fulfil the public service asked of him. During the period of planning the new Horace Mann school building he was a member of the School Board. This required the journey from Boston to Winnetka to confer with the Board over difficult measures and to carry the project to a successful end. Are we not glad that his thought and his effort along with that of his associates on the School Board are builded into so substantial and ideal a structure for the uses of education,—education which is putting the whole boy and the whole girl to school—the process through which the whole citizen can be evolved?

In this connection another element of the true citizen appeared in Mr. Lloyd. He was a cooperative voter and worker in the local affairs of Winnetka. Just as "no man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself," so no citizen by himself either plans or effects any important public good. To be a cooperative citizen marks about the foremost step of a man's life among men in society. What is it that brings men to each other more than to be workers together in some cause dear to their homes and their town? The willingness to cooperate in citizenship "transfers the center of gravity from self," as one has said, "to the larger body." Thus to convert the many to one mind is a shining grace in him who contributes to this result. As we know, Mr. Lloyd was a courageous advocate of Winnetka's local independence. He trusted the people to provide and to care

for their own needs. His doctrine was, owe no outside man or company anything. Supply your own material wants, and own your own streets, and lights, and water mains. There were other citizens, not a few who shared these intelligent advanced convictions. But who could equal him in the wealth of knowledge, and full persuasiveness of argument on these points! His wide range of observation and up-to-date reading in matters of municipal ownership and control were put at the service of his fellow townsmen. It is hard to estimate at its full value the rare and precious offering thus made by a self-giving man, his mind richly stored with the successes of men, and women who have wrought their united ideas into a united reality. Need it be said that Mr. Lloyd was conscious that he had a mission to citizen life both at home and abroad? His accepted mission made him an inspirer—hence a leader. I am frank to say, that he distinctly raised the citizen tone in Winnetka. We are largely creatures of suggestion. The citizen soil of our village is undoubtedly favorable and its furrows are kept open to good seed. It only needed the right thought and good principle of citizen welfare and cooperation to be fairly presented, and you welcomed it as your own. Possibly we may say, that it has always been our belief that matters should be managed in Winnetka as they are; hence that we don't feel indebted to anybody for our opinions and actions. Emerson once loaned a copy of Plato to a Concord farmer. The shrewd Yankee returned the book with the remark: "That old Greek feller has a good many of my ideas." Yes, we all have capital ideas. We wait for some one, however, who can give them noble, living form, can clothe them, set them on horseback, and say: "March!"

Citizens of Winnetka, men and women, yes, and especially you young people, are we even now really aware that an American citizen of unusual gifts, of unusual devotion, of unusual extent and power of influence has had a close intimate part in our lives and fortunes of this small village? The man who with prodigious industry and pro-

found consecration wrote "Wealth Against Commonwealth," the man who traveled half way around the globe to see New Zealand, and tell of "A Country Without Strikes;" the man who studied industrial systems and reforms in Great Britain and Europe, that he might prove how the cooperative movement lifts labor onto the higher plane of making better men, and better goods, while it protects the children in their first right to a complete childhood. The man who was a national figure, a patriot in the service of public peace, during the critical struggle for arbitration of the coal war in Pennsylvania last winter. The man who was conscious that he made the sacrifice of life itself in the cause of Municipal Ownership of street railways in Chicago, and did "not count his life dear unto himself," but cheerfully said: "I would do the same thing again." This man, Henry D. Lloyd, let us be thankful and glad to say it, was one of us, Winnetka claims him.

In years to come his work and fame will be recognized and honored even more widely. You ought not to be surprised if men and women, strangers, too, from far lands, should ask where Winnetka is, and should make a pilgrimage to his home. It would not surprise me if at no distant day, some enduring memorial to this man's name and citizen service both among us and for "all who labor and are heavy laden" were to take shape and stand as his abiding witness among Winnetkans. It would be something to testify that here the blame and shame of a prophet's not being without honor save in his own community, belong not to the present sentiment of citizen pride and admiration. Proud and glad are we tonight that one and all by presence and speech it is ours to remember him, who was both idealist and servant in the cause of right citizenship. No man who is devoted to a great service passes from earth and his fellowmen feeling that his whole task was done. So much more was planned than was fairly undertaken. So many uses remain for what one had in store to offer. But he lives not in vain who can say:

"What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me."

He has not labored for naught whose thought and toil were invested near and far so as to touch other minds and hearts, to finer issues and to braver resolve, not simply to redress wrongs, but, even more, to renew society in its very sources of living and methods of laboring for the common weal. Our truest and most rewarding memorial to Mr. Lloyd as a citizen is to be likeminded, and to go and do likewise.

In closing Mr. Dowd read a letter from the Rev. Simeon Gilbert, a former resident of Winnetka :

Keenly disappointed in not being able to be present as a listener with the good people of Winnetka in their Memorial service in loving and grateful recognition of our dear friend, Mr. Lloyd, I yet cannot resist the impulse to ask the privilege of sending, out of my own heart, just a word. As a little more than a year ago we were walking together up Beacon street in Boston, his arm thrown about me, I felt and still feel, as you also here tonight must feel, the singular potency and graciousness of his brotherly spirit.

Perhaps no man of our generation, at least none whom I have chanced to know, revealed in the whole motive and tenor and persistent stress of his life, more of what may be termed, distinctively, the brother spirit.

For, Mr. Lloyd had a great heart; he was, indeed, a Mr. Greatheart among the men and women who are striving for the better human conditions. It was, too, a tender heart, that beat so strongly within him. Mrs. Browning, you remember, says "People are kind, when they think of it." Mr. Lloyd had a thoughtful heart, ever keenly alert, and that, too, as perfectly intrepid as it was considerate.

In this new age of pity, which, thank God, is at last beginning to dawn on the world, Mr. Lloyd was conspicuously a herald. His was the prophetic spirit. The burden of the Christ-spirit was on his heart.

But not this only. He was not merely—to use a phrase of one of the old prophets—“a torch amid the sheaves of wheat.” Mr. Lloyd was, I think, pre-eminently a Voice. He possessed a very extraordinary combination of gifts. Not only did the meaning and the message of the hour burn in his own breast, he had the rarest measure for utterance. He possessed distinct genius in this respect. Tennyson, in one of his sincerest moods, cries out:

“Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that I could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.”

And, fortunately, Mr. Lloyd could utter his thought, in a way to kindle in other minds and hearts his own passion for human pity. Nor was Robert Louis Stevenson at all mistaken in saying, as recently quoted, that there were not more than three men of letters in America who possessed in a higher degree the instinct and power for literary expression.

And so, I cannot but think, our dear brother—he was brother to us all—had, in the all-inclusive providence of God, a very definite, and an unspeakably important mission for his generation, in voicing, in just the nick of time, a supremely needed and divinely authenticated word for the hour; and that not for Americans only, but for English speaking peoples on both sides of the sea.

It were strange, then, were we not ourselves to be the better, the stronger, the braver men and women because of our loving remembrance of our friend, Henry D. Lloyd. And while we thank God for him, may we not also be still grateful to him?

The chairman of the meeting then said: Our next and last speaker was the first regularly installed minister in Winnetka. We trust that he also feels that he has come back to his friends. We are honored that he has given us this evening to pay tribute to the life and character of Henry D. Lloyd. He possesses, better than

any man I know, the discriminating intelligence, the broad sympathy and the eloquence required to do justice to the subject. I feel that I have a special honor in the privilege of presenting to you your friend, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

ADDRESS OF REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Chairman and Friends:—

I feel for the moment abashed that I should appear before you without an adequately prepared word after these considerate and gracious sentences have been given you. But the simple truth is that I took counsel of my heart and not of my head when I promptly accepted the invitation to come to Winnetka and speak a memorial word for my friend and yours. Had I listened to the voice of discretion, which spoke at my elbow as well as inside, I should have remembered that I should at the time be immersed in many cares and preoccupations and could not bring to you the carefully phrased sentences and the deliberate words that the occasion demands. May I also confess that I was drawn by the two words "Lloyd" and "Winnetka," for, as your Chairman has already intimated, if my youthful friend, the first speaker, belongs to the Eozoon Age of Winnetka, I stand in your presence as the representative of the Tertiary Age of Winnetka. I belong to the Ante-Ingeous Age of Chicago, but even then Winnetka was just Winnetka, as it is now; and when, in moments of depression I wonder whether I have accomplished anything in my hurried life, I take breath and take heart to myself, and say, "Well, anyway, you had something to do with Winnetka once." And I think, if all other counts fail, if I can pass in that credential at the gate, St. Peter will be considerate.

Yes, Mr. Chairman; were this a fitting occasion, I could tell you of the town-meeting before the town-meeting. I know of the primordial town-meetings in Winnetka; and I remember how they were held under the hospitable roof

of the benignant Wilsons, whose abiding faith in human nature, whose great hopes for humanity, proved their earthly unmaking. I was present at some of those town-meetings before the town-meetings where the wisdom of Artemas Carter, Gilbert Hubbard and their neighbors laid the foundations for *your* town-meetings and for your Winnetka.

And, to tell the truth, if I had had time to prepare my word tonight, and if I had had the courage (which I haven't had for over a quarter of a century) to dig down to the farthest strata of that "barrel" of mine, which is thirty-three years old, I am quite sure that I should have found the texts and the sentiments fitting this occasion, however inadequate the expression might be. It came to me with a sort of consolation and comfort this afternoon, as I had a few minutes in which to think of what I would say tonight, that, if my memory serves me right, the first word I spoke in Winnetka (which was the first Sunday after I was married and the first Sunday after I was graduated), was from the text "Go thou and do likewise"—"Go thou and *do* likewise!"—a worthy text for a memorial sermon for Henry D. Lloyd. I remember, also, across the distances, a sermon which started from that cry in the Garden of Gethsemane: "What, could'st thou not watch with me one hour?" It was a word on the power of sympathy and the need of human fellowship—another text for this occasion. Let it stand for the unspoken memorial word for my friend, Henry D. Lloyd. I remember, again, that early in my days here in Winnetka I made a study of the New Testament story and the Raphael picture of the Transfiguration, and tried to work out then a message on the "Power of the Ideal"—another good text for a Henry D. Lloyd sermon. Happily it is not necessary for me, at this hour, any more than it was for my friends who have preceded me, to preach the sermon on these texts. I have but to suggest the texts, and the sermon is written—nay, was *lived* for us, by the man whom tonight we jointly honor.

So, having confessed my love for Winnetka, let me try to confess, in as few words as possible, the grounds for my love for Henry D. Lloyd.

As I now remember it, Henry D. Lloyd, William M. Salter and the pastor of All Souls Church, Chicago, were the first three men to make public appeal for mercy, clemency and justice toward those who were doomed to die under the charge of anarchy. I was drawn to Henry D. Lloyd then, first, because he had the discriminating mind of the lawyer, to clearly distinguish between inferential and positive evidence, and because he had the still finer discriminating spirit of a prophet, to clearly distinguish between fanaticism and depravity. He could see that oftentimes the former is born out of the nobler instincts of human nature, while the latter represents the degeneracy and depravity of man. I was drawn to him then because I discovered that within him was an inextinguishable love for man as man and a faith in human nature. Even though it were a ragged and wretched specimen, the merest scrap of humanity was dear to him. In his eyes any fragment of this humanity was worth too much to be ruthlessly extinguished by court or individual. In other words, he believed that hanging is poor use to put any man to.

I loved Henry D. Lloyd for his fearlessness, for his promptness, for the breadth of his vision and for the depth of his faith. Again, I loved Henry D. Lloyd in the early days because he had such divine gravitation towards the side of the "unlucky dog." He was called from on high to be the friend of the friendless and to stand with the weak. I deemed it the work of a prophet for a man environed as Henry D. Lloyd was, tutored as he had been in life, to anticipate, as he did, the profound significance of the movement which I believe will be recognized as one of the distinguishing marks of the nineteenth century, and that is, the movement of working-men to organize, for their common interest, for their common benefit, and thus for mutual protection.

Victor Hugo said that the nineteenth century would be known as the "Woman's Century." I am inclined to think that when it stands out in its proper perspective, it will be found that two movements are peculiarly and distinctly of the nineteenth century. The one is the movement among women to come into their own, and the other is the movement among the working-men; that is to say, the two most significant movements in the last half of the nineteenth century are the Woman's Club movement and the Labor Union movement.

I have had my troubles with both of them. They bother me now. They are not after my liking—and I frankly say it—very often. But I do discern, as I think, in both of these movements great significance, profound promise. They have come, to use the Bible phrase, "in the fullness of time." Never before, since the morning stars sang together for joy, was it possible to found either of these movements; and we might as well make up our minds, with Henry D. Lloyd, that both of them have come to stay; and the only way out of the troubles they bring us is by going through them and not going back; we must have more of them, and not less. I loved Henry D. Lloyd because he divined this significance. He was pained, as any other man of culture and refinement must be pained, by the crudities and the violence that have followed in the wake of labor unions. But he was scholarly enough and prophetic enough to see that they were but incidents of growth—but the inevitable and passing attendants of the great movement for raising humanity upward. If we could hold that last quarter or half of the nineteenth century so that we could give it the benefit of a proper perspective, we would see that there has been no other one force, after our public schools, so potent, so effective in the development of mind, of refinement, of enthusiasm, of citizenship, as this labor movement. If we don't look out we will find this same labor movement developing our Presidents. Already we talk of putting one of its representatives into the cabinet; and if we had a portfolio there for labor, as we ought to have,

since we have had, in all shame, a portfolio there for war on land and sea so long, you and I know how promptly that position could be filled by a worthy representative of this great movement known as the Labor Unions, which Henry D. Lloyd did so much to wisely foster and skillfully direct. He brought to this movement discriminating sympathies, and it is a profound movement.

Was it Sir Philip Sidney who said: "Wherever you find a good war, go to it"? Well, my friend and your friend went to a good many *good* wars. He was the first on the ground when there was a good fight on hand—and still I love him tonight, and you love him, because he so profoundly believed in peace, because he hated the killing business. He saw that civilization could not go much farther until we stopped this murdering of men; he saw clearly how civilization is handicapped by the horrible burden of armament. He knew, and often stated most convincingly, that every peasant in Europe carries not only one soldier on his back (as the epigram went) but that, according to the careful figuring of the economists, he now carries at least two soldiers on his back. At least nine million young men are withdrawn from the creative force of life on a peace basis by the would-be great powers of Europe—those who spell their names with a capital "P." Nine millions of the most able-bodied, useful and creative men withdrawn from the creative work of life—trained, developed and equipped for the sole purpose of destroying life.

How pathetic was it for us to read, the other morning, as we took our breakfast, that one whom all the country has delighted to honor, had come forward with the suggestion that we should at once proceed to raise, I don't know how many billions of money, for the purpose of starting in on a creative campaign of twenty years, making all this while warships so perfect and so complete that we may overshadow the world with those engines of destruction! As I read that, I was glad that my friend and yours was saved at least that great pang. He had had enough to bear. I was very glad he was out of it—glad that he is, as I hope, where

he can see the *end* of it all, without suffering the discouragement that we, mortal-bound, still suffer.

Oh! I loved Henry D. Lloyd because he hated war—because he believed that Immanuel Kant was talking good sense as well as good philosophy, that he was dealing in statesmanship as well as in prophecy, when he spoke of an organized world. Lloyd hated the narrowness and meanness that so often lurks under that pet word of ours, "Patriotism." He saw and understood what George Eliot must have meant when she said that "Patriotism is the virtue of narrow minds." I will not say with somebody else that it is the "last resort of knaves," but I *do* say, as he said, that in these days of international communication, days of submarine telegraphs and almost submarine telephones and wireless telegraphs above the seas, no patriotism can be patriotic that is not world-inclusive. Calcutta is nearer Chicago today than Boston was when I was a lad; and no democrat is worthy the name who does not recognize that it is our immediate business to proceed at once to organize the world. You and I *ought* to see that we are already well on the way towards such a realization. What is it that enables a working girl to put a five-cent stamp on a letter, and the powers of the world take it in charge and deliver it to her lover in Madagascar? It is because we are well on the way towards an organized world. What is it that enables the traveler to take his letter of credit out in Chicago, passing it in wherever commerce goes on, and it will be honored and he will receive his money? We are on the way towards an organized world. War must stop, for unity must come; and some day we will realize that that word "international" was first a term of reproach and suspicion because it was put into practical use and common currency, well-nigh fifty years ago, by the workmen of Europe. It was the blacksmiths of Russia, Germany and England that first reached across the barriers and said, "Let us take hold of hands all-around." Blacksmiths and carpenters did it. After a while merchants began to say

it, and then the preachers, haltingly, within their own denominational line, and now we begin to hear of it as practical in political philosophy.

Oh! I loved Henry D. Lloyd because he was an internationalist, and I tell you, my friends, it is time for us to begin a revival in this direction. I know of no more direct, more inspiring incident in the progress of humanity during the nineteenth century than that which occurred when Victor Hugo, President of the Peace Congress in Paris, in 1849, made that wonderful inaugural address which, at its close, made the Catholic Arch-Bishop of Paris fall into the arms of Athanese-Cocquerel, the liberal preacher of Paris—the heretic, the Unitarian of Paris! Why this strange crossing of lines? Because Genius for the moment over-rode the differences of creeds and rank and station and lifted both into the high, sweet ties of a common humanity, a sense of universal brotherhood that rims the globe.

Then, I loved my friend, and you did, because he knew what to do with his money, and mighty few of you do who have it; and those of us who haven't it wouldn't know any better if we were fortunate enough to be burdened with it. One thing is true, and you will all agree with me, that very few people know what wisely to do with their money. And when a man like Henry D. Lloyd comes along, who is willing to use the resources of his purse for the purpose of ameliorating the woes of his fellows, and doing it in the most direct and far-reaching way possible, that is, by throwing light upon the great problems of life, there is cause for great rejoicing. In all ages there are plenty of those—no, not plenty, but quite a goodly number—who are willing to scatter their pennies on a Christmas morning; who, when physical suffering and pain present themselves, are always prompt with their specific application; plenty of people to apply the splint when the leg is broken or try to cure the plague with rose-water. But few people of resources are willing to look into causes and anticipate and thwart the forces that will break the legs.

Henry D. Lloyd heard that over there in Old England workingmen were accomplishing wonders for one another by mutual co-operation. He packed his grip and went over to see about it. Henry D. Lloyd heard that the miners in the anthracite coal fields were living on low levels, in unsanitary cabins, inadequately paid, without proper training for their children. He took his own money and bought his ticket and went over there to see about it. He went down into the deepest mines in the Alleghenies. He climbed the high hills of Switzerland—just to see about it; then hurried home to tell the rest of us what we wanted to know.

I was immensely touched, in that most impressive memorial meeting at the Auditorium last Sunday, when some one told of Mr. Lloyd's intention to pack his grip some morning and go over there to India, to see for himself the debility and death which he expected to find and which we, all of us, in our saner moments, realize must be there, and which has fallen upon the natives of that country under the cruel military rule of the Anglo-Saxon invader—for invader he is, though his banners may have floated over the valley of the Ganges for a hundred years, and invader he remains so long as he undertakes to direct the affairs of life from an unsympathetic, outside force, instead of invoking the forces of life from the inside. I find it hard work to be reconciled to the sudden termination of this effort, because it deprived us of another testimony in the interest of peace and democracy.

Once more, I loved Henry D. Lloyd because he knew what to do with his brains. He seemed to fully understand what culture was for. You know that the academic life is proverbially conservative. With all due respect to your Alma Mater, Mr. President, you will allow me to say in this presence, that, as an American citizen, it is a source of humiliation that even Harvard College for thirty years or more turned to her illustrious alumnus the "cold shoulder" instead of extending the "glad hand." Think of it! Our own Emerson! Her greatest graduate, for whom this year she waved her centennial banners, was

practically an exile from her doors throughout all his fruitful years.

But this is not to be wondered at, for the delights of scholarship are so fine; the satisfactions of the study are so delicious; the delights of the scholar are so praiseworthy that we ought not to be surprised if at times these seem to be their own justification, and to think the life is not only justified, but should be applauded that consecrates itself selfishly to the pursuit of science, poetry, art or what not. Henry D. Lloyd, with a cultivated brain and an artist's instincts,—“delicately molded,” was my friend's happy phrase,—realized that culture was not a selfish luxury, but a responsibility, and so he put his soft, white hand into the hardened and roughened hand of the workingman. He took his delicate nerves, shaped for good eating and good smelling, his ears attuned to harmony, his eyes enamored of symmetry, and crucified them all in the miner's hut and in the prison cell.

I have before me, at this moment, a hallowed picture. It amused me then. I told my friends about it. It touches me with unspeakable pathos now as I recall it. It was a Sunday afternoon meeting in Bricklayers' Hall, Chicago, in the early campaigning days of labor, and the room was black with the smoke of bad tobacco. It is quite the proper thing, even in this presence, to overlook tobacco smoke if it is only of a superior kind; to the average Club man the offensive thing is, not to smoke cigars even in the presence of a lady, but to smoke a *bad* cigar in the presence of a lady or in the presence of one another,—that is the capital sin. But this meeting at Bricklayers' Hall over there on the West Side was offensive to the eye and to the nose, and the unfortunate entrance at the farther end that had a saloon connection was much used. The platform was tobacco-stained; the loud guffaws and coarse epithets reached our ears as we sat there, awaiting our turn. Among us sat Henry D. Lloyd—drawn into himself close and tight and holding hard on to himself. I could not conceive of a man being placed, physically,

in more uncongenial surroundings. I told you I smiled at him then. I was used to such men as were there. I had seen many of them and could stand it. But here's the fine point about it: No word of gentle cynicism came from Henry D. Lloyd, no word of refined rebuke for mere externals, no apology to himself, his God or his fellowmen for being there on a Sunday afternoon. But when his turn came he took his place like a hero in the front line, and battled for the ideal which brought both himself and myself there; he lifted those men above their pipes; and, for the time being, purified the atmosphere that was so foul physically, with the ozone of a spiritual purpose and a high sense of brotherhood. And we went away from there, he and I together, saying that we had "been to meeting," in the preacher sense. We had been to a communion service; we had partaken of the Holy Sacrament with the Master.

I say, then, I loved Henry D. Lloyd because he knew what to do with his culture. He realized that brains carry with them responsibility. Culture means obligation. Here is a fine thing to remember in a memorial meeting for Henry D. Lloyd,—that every privilege implies a responsibility, and every opportunity means an obligation. If you are a five-talent man, don't you ever suspect that you can get off on the two-talent man's taxation. Don't you ever dream it. If you have but one talent, the Lord has his benediction for you when you bring the one talent more. But woe to you of five talents who offer yourselves at the in-gathering without the added five which it is your duty to bring in.

If now I were to say this thing all over again in a shorter and a better way, I should say that I loved Henry D. Lloyd because he was a democrat. "Make no more giants, Lord, but elevate the race at once," are the words which young Robert Browning put into the mouth of Paracelsus. It was the refined taunt of Mathew Arnold, you know, that America was a nation of mediocrity. I accept the taunt as a compliment, and rejoice in it. We can well afford to do without our "Masters," "Lords" and "Dukes" if only we elevate the common level—if only we advance public educa-

tion so that it rectifies all the departments of life. If only the community is coherent and progressive, we can do without the so-called "Leaders." I am surprised by the testimony that comes from so many sources regarding Henry D. Lloyd in this matter. I would not have thought so, at first, that he did not rejoice in what we call "leadership." He was not one of the "Captains" of the earth and still less was he one of those whom we call "Captains of Industry." He was simply a plain soldier—glad to file in and touch elbows and keep his place in the files of life as one of them,—one of the boys, if you please, in the files; and so his democracy was fundamental and philosophical. Of course he would like Walt Whitman; of course he would discover the heart of Emerson's message; of course he was familiar with Dante's *De Monarchia*; of course he saw that Dante was the great radical of his time, who foresaw the reorganization of the world.

Henry D. Lloyd belonged to the type of democrat who believes in man as man. He ignored surface distinctions; his soul rebelled against the counter-currents and eddies in our progress that seem to have caught us in these days and threaten to leave our children to fight over the old battle which some of us thought was won on the field in '61 and '65. Henry D. Lloyd saw the disgraceful reaction in the North, the children of the prophets of liberty playing into the hands of the conservatism of the South, which still would magnify the significance of the color of the skin and ignore the harmonies of the heart which sends its blood red through the veins of black and white in proportion as they are human and developed and noble.

Let me try and say this thing once more—that which has been said by my friends, both of them, here tonight, and that which was said so many times on the platform of the Auditorium last Sunday:

Henry D. Lloyd was an idealist; and after all, when you come right down to it, are we not ever ready to confess that they are the only kind that amount to very much in pushing the world ahead? I know this boasting "practi-

cality" of yours; I know your business man who wants one hundred cents on every dollar, and is *satisfied with that*. Well, I bid him God-speed, but you won't come to hold a memorial meeting over his grave. But we do get together and rejoice in the dreamers. We give thanks for those who have dared to believe in the impossible, and, like the Roman soldiers, have thrown their standards far ahead into the line of the enemy, as the signal by which the whole line moves forward and takes new ground and holds it. The idealists have been those whom the races have loved and those whom history honors.

Where does Henry D. Lloyd belong? He belongs to the dreamers; and thank heaven for them, because they are the ones who are taken into the counsels of the Almighty.

Call the roll of the Nineteenth Century dreamers—the "impractical men"—those whom your bankers take no stock in, and these are the very ones to whose feet you want your children brought. These are the ones you teach them to revere. The personality that, above all personalities in Europe today, is most winsome and most attractive, toward whose home the feet of thoughtful pilgrims are turned, who is he? Not one of the crowned heads of Europe, you may be sure. None of your "Captains of Industry," who succeed in making the biggest guns ever made or who have invented something new in the construction of a war vessel. No. And, I say it respectfully and reverently, not even the great scientists or the great poets; but that man over there in Russia, who sits on a bench cobbling shoes—Tolstoy. Think of it! And why? For argument's sake we will grant all his specific schemes ill-founded. For argument's sake we will admit that his program will never be carried out. Not for that do we honor him; not because he has written great masterpieces in literature and has proved himself the great parable-maker after Jesus. Not for that. But because he might feast with the lordly, and he prefers to walk and work with the peasants. Because he has dreams of a life where each will bear his burden and because he is disposed to

take the New Testament seriously. He has not only understood the words of Jesus, he has really believed that they were good sense, and that they can be realized and practiced.

Take another illustration. There is no man in English literature out of whose writings it is so easy to make mince-meat as John Ruskin, and still there is no other man in English literature that carries a farther reaching potency than John Ruskin. He was so divinely right-hearted; he had a passion for betterment; he had a divine discontent; he had a holy unrest. When John Ruskin taught fine arts in Oxford, some of the roads were badly out of kilter, as some of our back streets in Chicago are today; while getting along with his Italian Gothic, he organized among his art students a road-mending band, and the name of the foreman of that road-mending band was Arnold Toynbee. Perhaps William Morris was in that band. Some years after that, a little delicate American woman visited Arnold Toynbee, and the name of that woman was Jane Addams!

Who are the dreamers? Those whom we honor for their intelligence. Who are the idealists? Those whom we most love, and among those we love for this reason was Henry D. Lloyd.

One word more. Let no one lament his untimely taking away. Life is measured by heart-beats, and it is time we began to realize it. Who today can regret that Theodore Parker burned his candle in the "draught," as he said? Who can regret that William Ellery Channing was dead at sixty, or that Thomas Starr King laid his life down for the Union while young? Oh, it does not matter when we quit. But it does matter that we keep at it while we are here. You will rejoice with me that our friend lived a long, rich life—that his was a "grave well earned," a life nobly lived, and that he died in the fullness of time.

In the maturity of spirit, when we have worked as well and accomplished as much as Henry D. Lloyd, then we too shall be entitled to our discharge, that we may enter our rest and our reward.



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Michigan University Library
from Aaron Lloyd

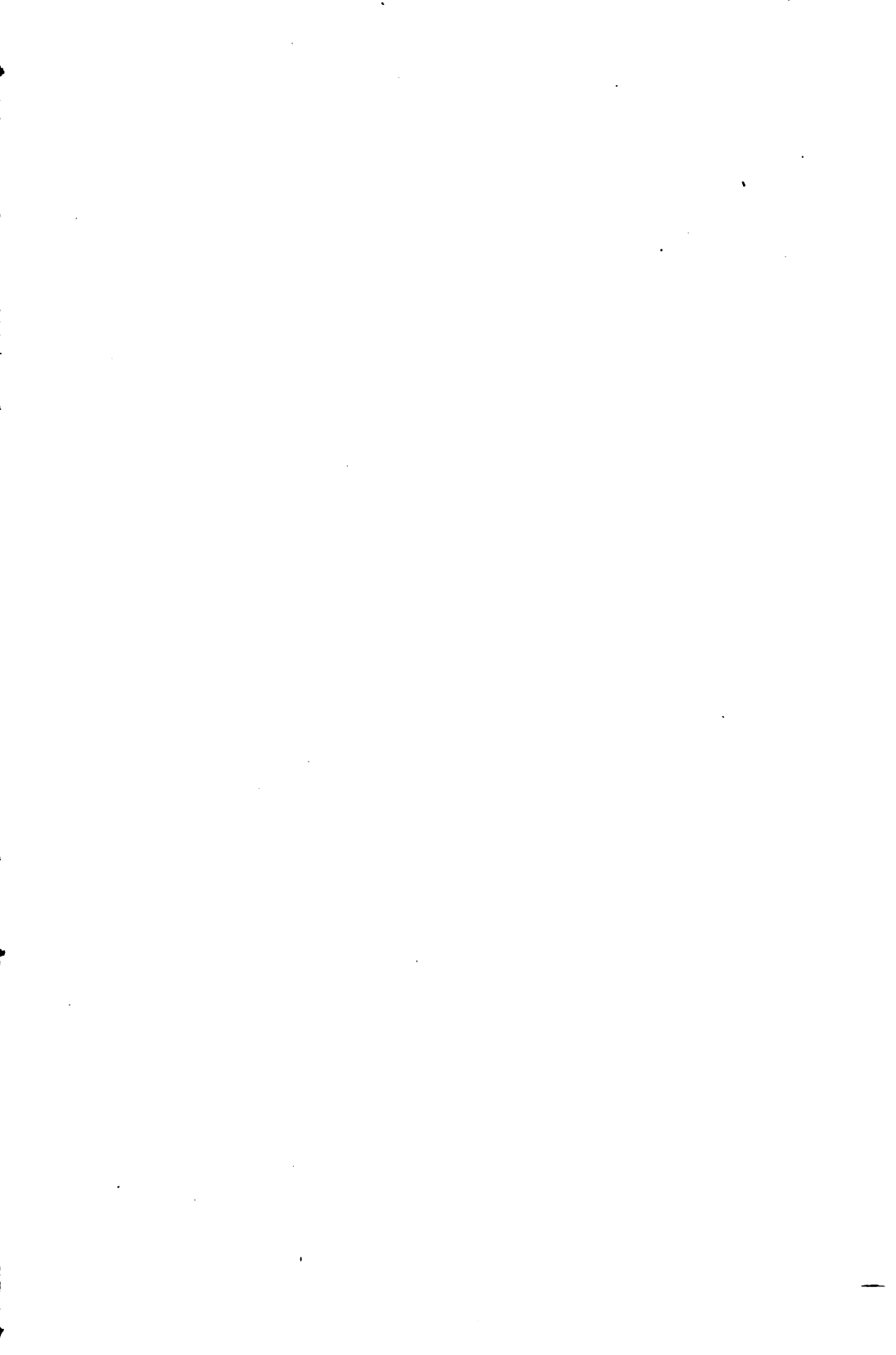
SEP 5

In Memoriam

Henry Demarest Lloyd

1847---1903

The Auditorium, Chicago, November 29th, 1903





Henry Demarest Lloyd

PROGRAMME
OF
MEMORIAL EXERCISES
FOR
Henry Demarest Lloyd

- ORGAN PRELUDE—GRANDE COEUR IN D....*Alex Guilmant*
Otto A. Singenberger
- OPENING ADDRESS..Judge Edward F. Dunne, Chairman
- BRIEF ADDRESSSamuel M. Jones
- BRIEF ADDRESS.....John Mitchell
- SONG—STILL RUHT DEIN HERZ*Tfeil*
Vereinigte Saenger, Chicago, Dirigent
Professor O. Homar Gerasch
- BRIEF ADDRESS.....Jane Addams
- BRIEF ADDRESS.....Edwin D. Mead
- SONG—STUMM SCHLAEFT DER SAENGER.....*Zeilcher*
Vereinigte Saenger
- BRIEF ADDRESS.....Clarence S. Darrow
- CLOSING ADDRESSTom L. Johnson
- RECESSIONAL—FUNERAL MARCH.....*Beethoven*
Arthur Dunham

AS a tribute to the life and public services of
HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD, some of his personal
friends and representatives from the following organi-
zations, arranged this Memorial Meeting.

UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA
AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR
UNITED TURNER SOCIETIES
CHICAGO FEDERATION OF LABOR
VILLAGE COUNCIL OF WINNETKA
CARPENTERS DISTRICT COUNCIL
TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, No. 16
MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP DELEGATE CONVENTION
HENRY GEORGE ASSOCIATION
HULL HOUSE
CHICAGO COMMONS

HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD.

The descendant of Goff and Whalley, the regicides and kinsmen of Hampden, Pym and Cromwell, of the Huguenot Des Marests, and of the forebears of George Washington, Henry Demarest Lloyd was born May 1, 1847, in New York City. He prepared for Columbia College, from which he graduated in 1867, in the Columbia Grammar School. He studied in the Columbia Law School and was a member of the New York and Illinois bars. Son of Aaron Lloyd, a minister of small means, Mr. Lloyd began at the age of thirteen to contribute to the wealth of the world, and earned his way through college.

His first public appearance was as the author of "Every Man His Own Voter," a short synopsis of the election law that did much to defeat Tweed. After teaching school and lecturing in a night school on Political Economy, as assistant secretary of the American Free Trade League, he took his first stand for oppressed humanity by advocating the removal of the tariff on necessities. The New York delegation to the Democratic National convention of 1872 was instructed to nominate Charles Francis Adams for president, but by clever manipulation was transferred to the Greeley column, all but Mr. Lloyd, who on every ballot cast one vote for his standard bearer.

Towards the end of 1872 Mr. Lloyd came to Chicago to take a position with the Chicago Tribune, where he remained until 1885, filling in succession the positions of night editor, financial, literary and editorial writer. Many of his editorials attracted wide attention, notably that on "Kings Horses and Kings Men," which contrasted the luxury surrounding the Vanderbilt horses with the poverty of the striking Vanderbilt brakemen.

Christmas Day, 1873, Mr. Lloyd married Jessie Bross, daughter of Lieutenant-Governor William Bross, of Chicago. Four sons were the issue of that marriage, who, with his wife, survive him. In his home life even more than in his public life did Mr. Lloyd carry out to its fullest extent his character as "practical idealist." In May, 1878, Mr. Lloyd moved to Winnetka, his home until his death. There on the school board, as councilman and as village president, he did faithfully the duties of a good citizen. With the conception and carrying out of the "Winnetka plan" he had much to do. That plan by pledges exacted from candidates, at primaries and elections, insures the publication of all ordinances before passage, and gives to Winnetka the referendum without the trouble of securing legislation.

Mr. Lloyd was one of the founders of the Chicago Literary Club and a member of many other clubs. His interests remained wide, but during his editorial years his work began to take a special trend. In 1881 he published in the *Atlantic Monthly* his "Story of a Great Monopoly," closely followed in that magazine by the "Political Economy of Seventy-Three Millions of Dollars," and in the *North American Review* by "Making Bread Dear," "Lords of Industry" and "The New Conscience." When in 1889 the mine-owners in Spring Valley, Illinois, after persuading miners to come there and invest their savings in the corporation's houses, cut wages below the cost of subsistence and finally locked out the men, dependent on their earnings to save their homes, Mr. Lloyd went there and wrote his first book: "A Strike of Millionaires Against Miners."

The same careful personal investigation produced "Wealth Against Commonwealth," a book as epoch-making as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, according to Edward Everett Hale. Portraying the cannibalistic methods of American trusts, it is a book of bare facts set forth with such literary skill that many a reader has thrown the book down, unable to finish it from sheer agitation.

With this book Mr. Lloyd ceased to confine himself to the

mere exposure of evils. Compelled by the revulsion of a wholesome mind and the hopelessness of the American people, Mr. Lloyd turned to search for constructive movements and tidings of successful democracy.

Meanwhile, hoping that the rapid rise of the Republican party would be repeated by the People's Party in 1894, he was their candidate for congress. His campaign was humorously described as "walking for congress;" but though defeated, he made in a hostile district a strong fight for his party's principles. As a delegate to the national convention of the People's party, in 1896, he was unable to prevent fusion with the Democratic party. He afterwards said "by their action the People's party made themselves a mere vermiform appendix of the Democratic party."

Believing with many leading citizens of Chicago that the trial of the anarchists, so-called, was unfair and illegal, Mr. Lloyd exerted himself in their behalf. The trial judge and prosecutor finally joined this movement and the sentences of several were commuted. The subsequent pardon by Governor Altgeld justified Mr. Lloyd's position.

Searching for news of constructive activity, Mr. Lloyd went as a "democratic traveler" to England; the result was his book on "Labor Copartnership." Mr. Lloyd considers the English co-operative movement the best effort of self-help or "private democracy." To study political self-help or "governmental democracy," Mr. Lloyd visited Australasia in 1899 and produced his recent works, "A Country Without Strikes" and "Newest England." He later gathered in Switzerland material for "The Swiss Sovereign," a book now never to be written. Switzerland and New Zealand supplement each other, the first a democracy developing untouched by plutocracy, the second a democracy of our blood and kind throwing off such an incubus.

After the Swiss trips Mr. Lloyd spent his time defending New Zealand against false and bitter attacks in the capitalistic press, in delivering speeches and in writing short articles.

His life work naturally led him to take an active part in the arbitration ending the coal strike in 1902. He delivered for the miners three arguments before the commission and aided in the preparation and rebuttal of evidence. This work occupied Mr. Lloyd till the spring of 1903.

This last July he began to study the Chicago Traction situation. He delved in court and committee reports and other written sources of information. He consulted eminent lawyers, leading citizens and experts in traction matters. The result of this labor is a pamphlet, "The Chicago Traction Question," published since his death. His conclusion is that municipal ownership of the street railways is not only possible, but is the only satisfactory solution. With characteristic promptness he came at once to Chicago to start an active propaganda. Shortly after his arrival he caught a severe cold which, however, did not deter him from active work. Rising from his bed to speak, he returned there to die of pneumonia within a week.

"It was the last two speeches did it," he said, "but I'd do it again." He spent his life searching, writing, speaking and working for the betterment of all mankind. For that end he gave his life in sacrifice.

EXCERPTS.

"Men do not lose nor lessen their personal responsibility by acting through a corporation, or an agent, or by any other indirection. The growing shrewdness of the public will only lay a surer and heavier hand on those who smite their brothers from behind that ancient and uncanny creature—the corporate person—and then claim immunity for their souls and bodies, because their dummy has no body to be kicked and no soul to be damned."—*A Strike of Millionaires Against Miners*, p. 224.

"The welfare of all is more than the welfare of the many, the few, or the one. * * * If all will sacrifice themselves none need be sacrificed, but if one may sacrifice another, all are sacrificed. That is the difference between self-interest and other-self interest."—*Wealth Against Commonwealth*, p. 500.

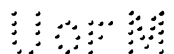
"The virtue of the people is taking the place Poor Richard thought only the eye of the owner could fill. If mankind driven by their own fears and the greed of others can do so well, what will be their productivity and cheer when the 'interest of all' sings them to their work!"—*Wealth Against Commonwealth*, p. 505.

"Mankind belongs to itself, not to kings or monopolies, and will supersede the one as surely as the other with the institutions of democracy. * * * The greatest happiness of all must be the formula."—*Wealth Against Commonwealth*, p. 506.

"Liberty and monopoly cannot live together."—*Wealth Against Commonwealth*, p. 519.

"All liberty begins to be lost when one liberty is lost, and a people half democratic and half plutocratic cannot permanently endure."—*Wealth Against Commonwealth*, p. 521.

"To love our neighbor is to submit to the discipline and arrangement which make his life reach its best, and so do we best love ourselves."—*Wealth Against Commonwealth*, p. 522.



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mocracy is not a lie. There live in the body of the commonalty the unexhausted virtue and the ever refreshed strength which can rise equal to any problems of progress. In the hope of tapping some reserve of their powers of self-help this story is told to the people."—*Wealth Against Commonwealth*, p. 535.

"Archbishops have given up the application of the Golden Rule to business as impracticable; but here it is being attempted by workmen. 'We must make men as well as money,' and 'We must help our brothers,' is their daily bread."—*Labor Copartnership*, p. 3.

"Even the most 'Scientific' person could not view the workings of co-operation in Kettering without feeling some glow of enthusiasm. 'A real piece of the Kingdom of God actually arrived,' one of the Oxford university men, who has made a special study of industrial questions, said in describing his visit to Kettering."—*Labor Copartnership*, p. 153.

"Copartnership says only that labor shall share in ownership, management and results. It seeks to harmonize all five of the interests involved in production—the employe, the employer, the consumer, the trades-union, the general public. It asks for all workers such a voice in the management of their own industry as democracy demands that the people should always have in their own affairs."—*Labor Copartnership*, p. 234.

"Men of almost every race have united to form the politics and society of these United States. Why can they not unite to reform them? And as for the isolation of New Zealand, that is a fortunate incident for the weak, but the United States has a nobler kind of isolation in its might and wealth. It can stand alone for any cause it chooses to espouse."—*Country Without Strikes*, p. 180.

"Such a thing as a rebate or a discrimination in favor of one shipper against another is unknown in New Zealand. No would-be commercial conqueror can get the traffic manager to make him a rate which will drive his competitor out of business."—*Newest England*, p. 35.

"New Zealand sees how helpless the British and American public is in the hands of the owners of the highways, and does not think the mechanical superiorities of capitalism worth as much as freedom. The New Zealander thinks the in-

conveniences he suffers are part of the education of the democracy, teaching it to consider the common good instead of individual and local self-interest and he thinks this lesson worth all it has cost and is to cost."—Newest England, p. 59.

"In New Zealand the best stock of civilization—ours—was isolated by destiny for the culture of reform, as the bacteriologist isolates his culture of germs. New Zealand has discovered the anti-toxine of revolution, the cure of monopoly by monopoly. New Zealand, because united, was able to lead; because she led others can follow."—Newest England, p. 377.

"The present administration by a few with claims of arbitrary and exclusive power constitutes a situation which has never arisen in history, but that the people have begun the very first day to break it down. Monopoly either in politics, religion or industry, has always been intolerable. No people has ever submitted to it. For though it is the human nature of the individual to seek monopoly, it is the human nature of the many to defeat it."—Uses and Abuses of Corporations.

"When Glasgow and Leeds took municipal possession of their street railways they raised the wages of the men and reduced fares. These public bodies took cognizance of the public good and established the equalization of welfare, in place of the concentration of wealth, power and luxury. Under the higher ideals the street car business ceases to be Business and becomes an experiment in applied Christianity."—The Scholar in Practical Questions of Today.

"The promise of democracy is not everything for everybody, but a chance at everything for everybody. Democracy is the organization of opportunity for all. It is the use of all the resources of Nature by all the faculties of man for the good of all the people."—The New Democracy.

"Democracy will have no disfranchised men and no disfranchised resources of nature."

"Democracy with its nationalizations, municipalizations, etc., will at last achieve the sum of them all—the humanization of men."

"Democracy makes a people where there was only population."

"The key-word of scientific democracy is not rights, but reciprocity."—The Notebooks.

"The sky is full of starless spaces, unfathomed pools of the ocean above. No eye can find a ray in those abysses; not even with the help of the telescope. But the astronomer, firm of faith in the science that tells him there is life there as everywhere, puts a camera in the place of the human watcher at the end of his great tube. All the night, through this unwinking eye of glass and metal, in the common acids of a photographic plate, are printed infinite revelations of unseen splendor. Suns and moons, galaxies and stardust, embroidered blue beyond our blue, with golden circles beyond our ken. There is a firmament beyond that firmament. There, too, in the soul of man are the radiant worlds of love we know, worlds of home, country, friends, and interspersed are dark and vacant stretches of business, where we are told men are struggling together and must always struggle together in unloved and unloving labor. But here, too, science verifies in prosaic records the visions of all our divine men, that there is no such vacuum in the nature of man. * * * The progress of events has eyes the eye of man has not. So far are we along that to comprehend the destiny we are creating we need visions no longer; only vision. The morning stars once sang together. On the day the truth breaks upon man that these myriads of worlds are but one world, and that the lesser commonwealths of home, town, are members of a great commonwealth, all men will shout together for joy; Thy will is being done on earth."—The Religion of Labor.

"If people want to do right they will find leaders of righteousness. Democracy never came by the good will of the few. * * * This traction question is too large for any persons but the whole people. There are too many suits, civil and criminal, to be prosecuted, too many forces to be encountered, too many temptations to be resisted, too many facts to be digested, too many ideas to be considered, too many things to be done, for any Hand, any Head, any Conscience but that of the whole people to be adequate."—The Chicago Traction Question, p. 91.

"This is the religious news of today. London takes possession of street car lines, equips them with the most modern machinery of traction, the underground trolley, for which the private companies had not the enterprise; raises the

wages of the men, shortens their hours, gives them a six-day week and carries the people short distances for one cent. This municipal capitalist substitutes the general welfare for selfish profit. The city of Glasgow does likewise, and enters the surplus from city-owned and city-operated street cars in its bookkeeping under the heading 'The Common Good.' By the motives which the community obeys, by the fact of being a community, it substitutes the equalization of welfare in place of the creation of traction millionaires, and the transportation business ceases to be business and becomes a successful experiment in applied Christianity.

"In the democracy of New Zealand the people unite as a nation to release each other from the money trust. They borrow money cheap in London at wholesale, to lend it again at retail to the workingman and the farmer, at cost. The same antipodal democrats of Australasia tax land and make the tax progressive, tax incomes and make the tax progressive, tax inheritances and make the tax progressive. The more land, income, inheritance a man has the more he pays, both actually and relatively. Thus these New Zealanders are making good in fiscal science the biblical requirement that 'unto whomever much is given, of him much shall be required.' The same New Zealanders are using the railroads owned by the people to carry the school children free; and to carry the unemployed men with their children and wives to places where their fellow citizens provide them with work and land and homes. Thus they have found several new ways to 'suffer little children to come unto Me,' while the Christian capitalists of New England are spending their money on the lobby in the Georgia Legislature to kill the Child Labor Laws."—From Mr. Lloyd's last article, *The Earthly Meaning of Heavenly Words*.

APPRECIATIONS.

"'How is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod!' We never had greater need of him. But he has done a great work; a work that will endure. The new America will be different from what it would have been—better in much than that it would have been—if he had not lived."—Washington Gladden.

"He was a great soldier of the army of peace. He was a prince of the new noblesse. He was an embodiment of the new conscience. He has entered the life of the world, the ethics of the nation and the hearts of his friends, and there he shall abide forever. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and no atom of God's universe but shall recognize him as a brother. The poor and the rich together give him their admiration and their tears."—Benjamin Fay Mills.

"He has been called the Wendell Phillips of the labor movement, and the phrase may have a significance not yet appreciated."—Boston Globe, Sept. 29.

"It has been of great advantage to American students of such questions that the new movement towards these different economic and political reforms should have been interpreted and championed by so sane and reasonable an observer."—Chicago Daily News, Sept. 30, 1903.

"But there was an imperishable Henry D. Lloyd, whose power was felt across the continent, whose life has passed into the consciences of cultured and uncultured, of rich and poor."—Unity, Oct. 8, 1903.

"It was not as a doler-out of charity, not as a sympathizer with individual suffering merely, that he approached the working classes; it was as a man who realized that men like himself are victims of industrial conditions which neither he nor they could control, but against which it was the duty of both to fight."—The Public, Oct. 3, 1903.

"Mr. Lloyd was a man with a passion for justice. His social ideal lay in fair conditions and open opportunities for all."—Lilian Whiting, Inter Ocean, Oct. 4, 1903.

"In the ever-struggling forces of life humanity has lost from the battle a brave heart; a strong brain and a willing worker. It has gained from his illuminating life much that will continue to aid the ever-struggling forces in the war with mammon, and we—we have lost Lloyd the genial, Lloyd the helpful, Lloyd the winning, out of life."—Charles H. Roberts.

"Such men are rare. It is not easy to ignore the prejudices and sympathies of the people with whom one's lot is naturally cast, and espouse whole-heartedly unpopular causes.

"The world had need of this man. It can ill spare the two decades more of fruitful labor it might well have hoped that he could give mankind."—Denver (Col.) News, Oct. 1, 1903.

"Henry Demarest Lloyd was one of the best and most useful of Americans. He was a leader in thought. The world has need of trained leaders—men high-minded, able, sincere. * * * His work showed how interestingly economic questions might be presented. He was a master of literary style."—Boston Herald, Sept. 30, 1903.

"Here was a conscientious believer in the doctrine of improvement; here was one that was ready to sacrifice all for it. * * * Wherever there was a movement for progress—that is, for securing for all men better opportunities, more happiness and more joy in life—he was its champion. He wrote some of the wisest words we have on the perplexing problems of modern life; on the problems raised by aggrandizement on one hand and privation on the other. He had courage and fine intelligence. He might have used his equipment on the side that pays best and made himself rich. He used his powers on the side that pays nothing but the fine satisfaction that comes from any effort, great or small, towards the broad good of humanity. * * * There can never be an accounting of the forces that have opposed reaction and strive for democracy in this country that will not take note of the writings of Henry D. Lloyd."—San Francisco Examiner, Oct. 2, 1903.

"Mr. Lloyd relied more upon the virtue of the State in its organized capacity to bring good results to citizens than he did upon the virtue of the individual in the State. That is the dividing point of the great body of men who think on these questions."—Buffalo News, Oct. 1, 1903.

"Mr. Lloyd, intensely devoted as he was to his own country and her advancement, was yet emphatically an international man, with world-wide interests. * * * As a life-long student of political economy he saw how closely industrial reform and justice are bound up with the abolition of war, and the great armaments which are exhausting the world's resources. There has been no other mind so brilliant among the social reformers in America in these last years; but the heart and spirit of the man were greater even than his intellect. Born into the finest grade of American life, highly cultivated, of most refined taste, fortunate

in the external things of life, he made the poor and unprivileged man's cause his own from first to last, and was trusted by the working men of America like almost no other. He was beloved no less by scholars. His circle of friends in Europe was almost as large as that in America."—*London Daily News*, Oct. 13, 1903.

"Henry D. Lloyd didn't win the sort of success that comes to some men, but he made folks think—and that is more than some who pile heaps of money can do."—*New Bedford (Mass.) Standard*, Oct. 1, 1903.

"What a view of humanity Mr. Lloyd did have! He, indeed, thought in nations as units, and in races as other units."—*Journal of Education (N. Y.)* Oct. 15, 1903.

"He wrote from his heart as well as from his head, and has left behind him books that, though he has departed, will continue the humane and patriotic work to which he devoted his life."—*New York Morning Journal*, Oct. 2, 1903.

"His broad humanity, his indignation at the triumph of remorseless greed, his deep sympathy for the toiling masses mark him as a man who loved his fellow-men."—*Commercial Appeal (Memphis)* Oct. 1, 1903.

"Of world-wide reputation, Mr. Lloyd has lived to refute the old saying, 'A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country.' A prophet he was in the best sense of the word; a seer, who was gifted with the sight of the great and perfect plan of the things of this earth when they should be worked out 'according to God's holy ordinance.' With this aim in view he struggled bravely, hoping for the time when all human beings, the poor, the old, the young, should all have equal share of the blessings of this world. Here we have seen him, as the good citizen, as a kind neighbor, as a true and ever delightful friend. * * * We, in Winnetka, need not confine ourselves to speaking alone of Mr. Lloyd from his public side. His friendship was a precious gift. His quick sympathy, his quiet humor, made him a rare companion, and his honest heart made him a true friend. 'He was a veray parfit gentil knight.'"—*The Messenger (Winnetka, Ill.)* Oct., 1903.

"I was exceedingly interested by the articles of Mr. Lloyd. He writes the most workmanlike article of any man known to me in America, unless it should be Parkman. Not a touch in Lloyd of the amateur."—*Letter of Robert Louis Stevenson to George Iles.*

From the Funeral Address by Wm. M. Salter.

"The lasting, imperishable thing about Mr. Lloyd is not his great addresses or his great books, but the high, unconquerable, strongly-loving spirit in which he wrought them, and which, if we will, may live again in us and in all who read him or come to know of him. He was guided by inner promptings; he was unworldly—nay, he was in flat contradiction with the spirit of the world as it exists. He dared think that men might live in love, that society might be ordered by love, that the highest sentiments might dictate the ordinances and statutes of the state. With his whole heart he longed for this higher order of things, and every little step or promise of a step towards a heavenlier country, he observed and studied and talked about from the house-tops. This, I say, is a revival of religion; it is bringing once more the heavenly and the perfect into the consciousness of men. * * * What labors went into his books! How he traveled, how he delved, how he unearthed documents, how he conversed with men—everywhere seeking first-hand, original information. It was a beautiful, cheering sight—this unbought, arduous toil. Mr. Lloyd's books have often been misjudged. They do not satisfy scholars, it is said. But they were not written for scholars. They were written for the people—for their enlightenment, for their warning and encouragement. But scholars have never successfully assailed them in any essential point. * * * Mr. Lloyd's books are all with a mission; their aim is to move and to stir and to lift men; they are warm with life; they throb with the pulsebeats of the man. It is the voice of an apostle, a missionary; it is scholarship consecrated to human service, baptized with the spirit of the new humanity.

Calmly, calmly, lay him down,
He hath fought the noble fight;
He hath battled for the right;
He hath won the unfading crown.
Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past.
Faithful toiled he to the last,
Faithful through unflagging years.
All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness, and truth,
Objects of aspiring youth.
Firm to age he still pursued.
Kind and gentle was his soul,
Yet it glowed with glorious might,
Filling clouded minds with light,
Making wounded spirits whole.
Dying, he can never die!
To the dust his dust we give;
In our hearts his heart shall live,
Moving, guiding, working aye.

—William Gaskell.

